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NATIONAL REVIEW

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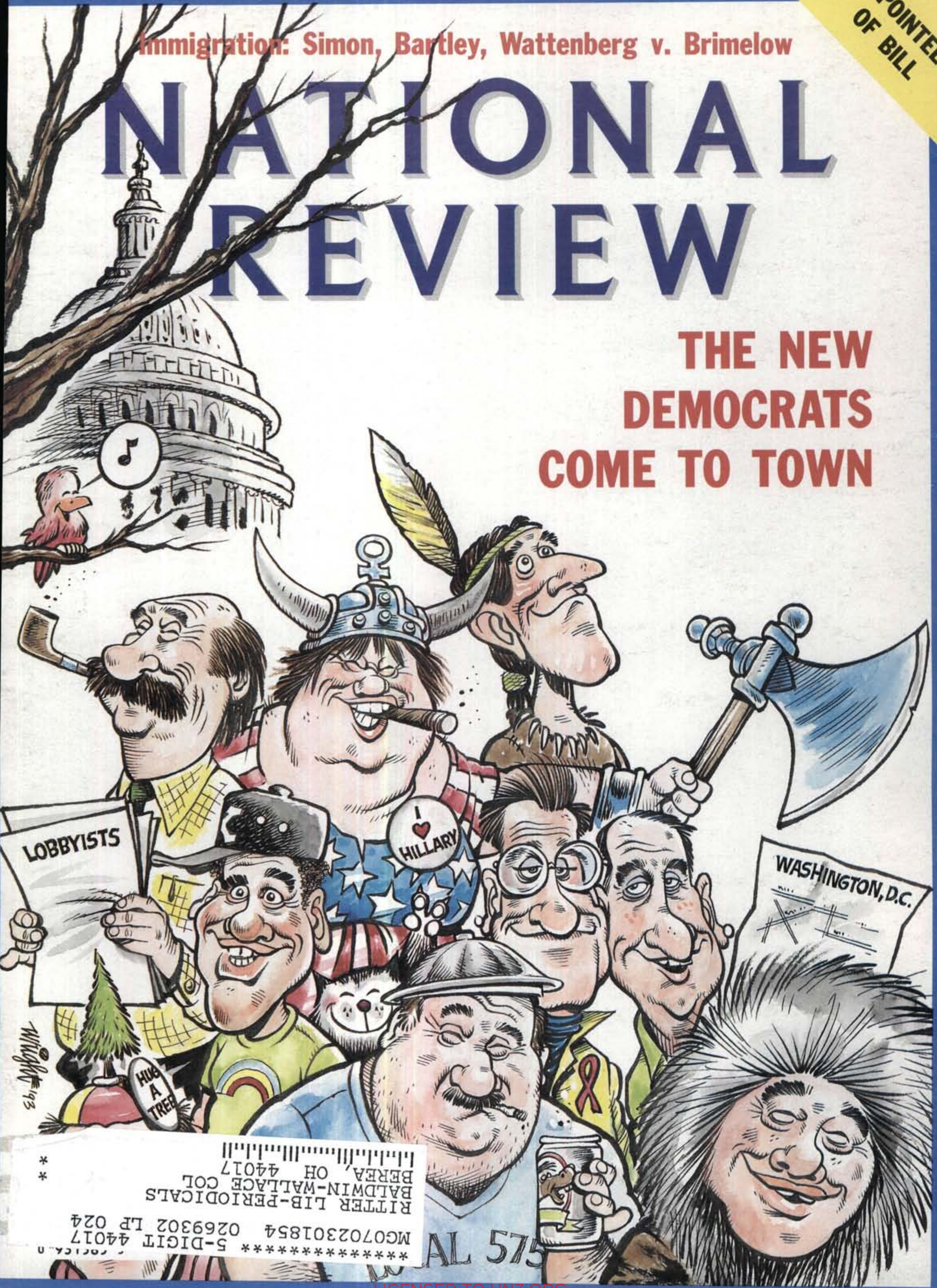
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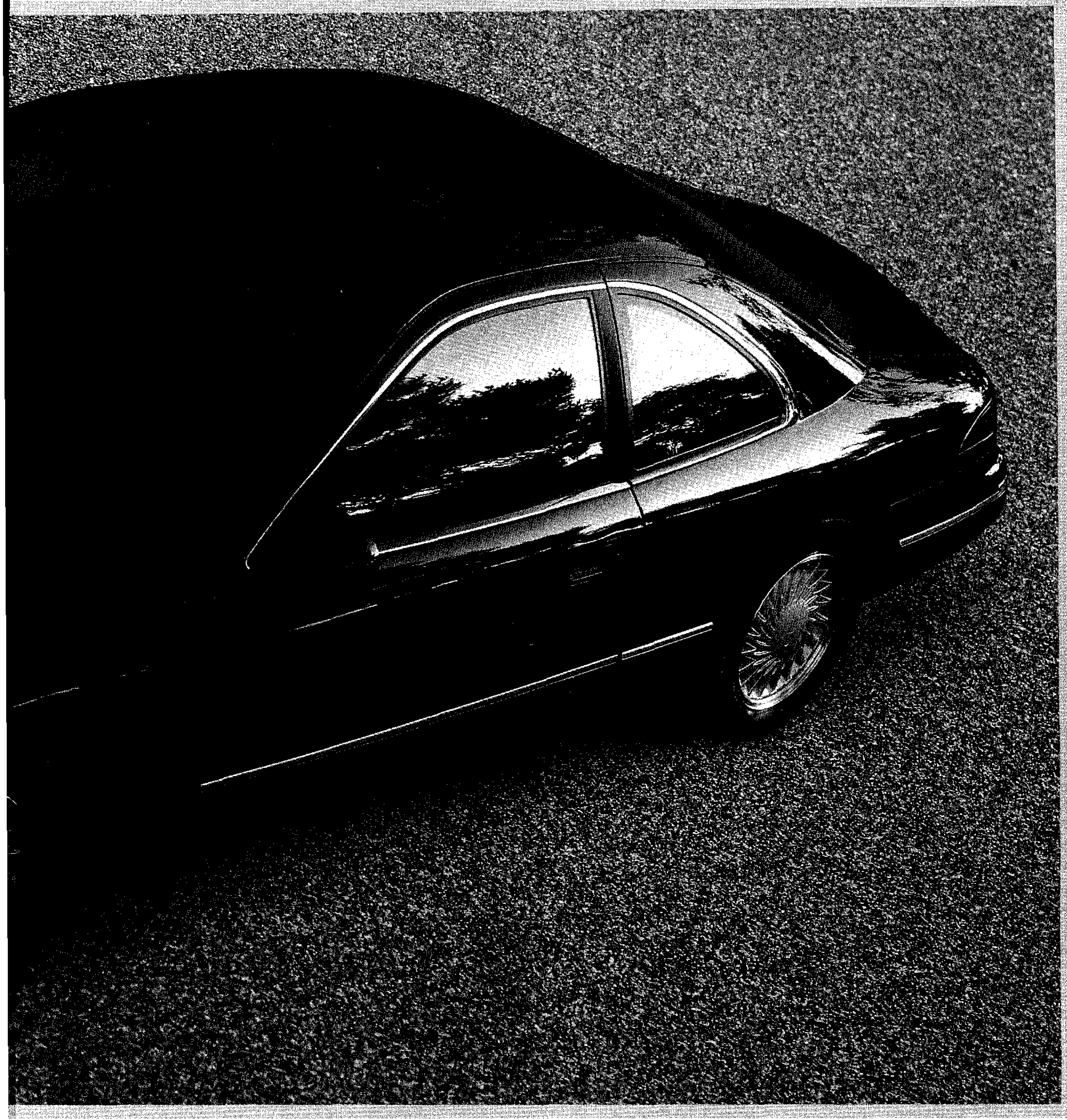

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FEBUARY 1, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 2

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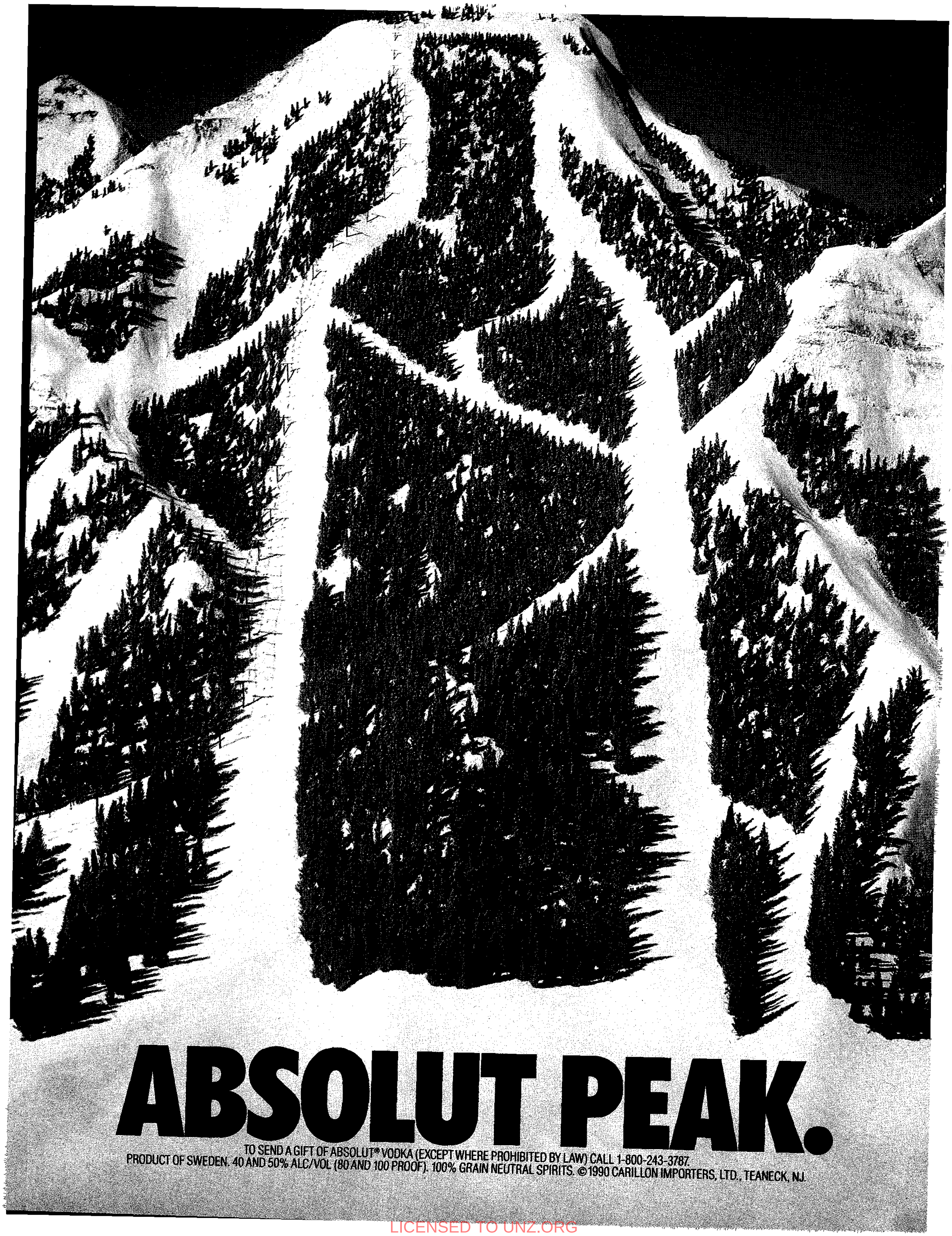

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has devolved, is short-sighted, nefarious, foolish, and destructive, and the threat of lawsuits that Mr. Gilder highlights is only one end product.

W. Edward Chynoweth
Sanger, Calif.

LETTERS

No, Hillary . . .

A hearty Ho! Ho! Ho! for John O'Sullivan's marvelous evocation of New Democrat feminism ("No, Virginia . . .") ["From the Editor," Dec. 28]. Dare we hope that he is in the midst of drafting *The Feminist Screwtape Letters*? In his preface to the original version C. S. Lewis said: "We must picture Hell as a state where everyone is perpetually concerned about his own dignity and advancement, where everyone has a grievance, and where everyone lives the deadly serious passions of envy, self-importance, and resentment." If Lewis is correct (old style), the Clinton Administration may indeed give us Hell on Earth. Perhaps this is what Mr. Clinton meant when he said that he wanted to "take the capital to the country."

A. Ross Shepherd
Shawnee, Kan.

Interventionists Beware

I am constantly amazed at conservatives who believe that government intervention in domestic matters is counterproductive (a view with which I am in complete agreement), while maintaining that the same government which is so inept at home can effectively intervene in *other* countries' domestic matters ["Wanted: A New Imperialism," by Paul Johnson, Dec. 14].

Mr. Johnson is too good an historian not to know that even the most well-intentioned U.S. "help" has not always, or even usually, worked out as planned. A good rule of thumb is that there is no problem so vast or complex that it cannot be made infinitely worse by an act of Congress. That goes double for a "World Congress."

Richard W. Fulmer
Houston, Tex.

The conclusions of Paul Johnson's "Wanted: A New Imperialism" are historically misguided. Africa is in danger of being colonized anew. Not the neo-colonial order which replaced direct colonialism at the time of "independence," but instead a new colonial order more brutal than that which replaced the era of slavery. The hallmark of this new order was, and will be again, control of the economy by the former imperial power. While the political system will be ostensibly operated by citizens of the newly independent state, its social dimension is constituted by a narrowly based elite, whose prime loyalty is to the "Mother Country."

The fact is that Africa lost its sovereignty when it was enslaved and colonized, and did not regain it at "Independence." In pre-colonial Africa, leaders lived among their own people, spoke their language, listened to their complaints, and could be removed by them. They did not plunder the resources of their countries and ship them to foreign lands. However "corrupt" some might have been, their wealth was national.

As American Marines move in to "restore order" in Somalia, one needs to ask what "order" foreign troops have ever succeeded in planting in Africa.

M. K. O. Abiola
Chairman
The Group of Eminent Persons on Reparations to Africa and Africans in Diaspora
Lagos, Nigeria

Affirmative Reaction

Our number-one anti-feminist, George Gilder, is on target as usual in his essay on the "glass ceiling" ["Still Seeking a Glass Slipper," Dec. 14]. However, he misses once, rather strangely, when he lapses into the all-too-familiar current mode of slapping conservatives around, alleging that "conservatives sometimes get this stuff wrong. The problem of glass-ceiling legislation isn't quotas; it's blackmail."

His explanatory scenario with the threat of sexual-harassment lawsuits sounds convincing enough, but, at the same time, one cannot so easily ignore the equally serious negative *psychological* impact of quotas, affirmative action, or whatever one labels it. As the black musician recognized clearly after being chosen for the Detroit symphony under an affirmative-action quota, "somehow this undermines the sense of accomplishment." And then there's what it does for those *not* chosen, in both material and psychological ways.

The concept of affirmative action, as it

EPA v. Private Property

On September 25, 1992, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit rendered its decision in the case of *United States* v. *Law*, which was the subject of an article in the March 16, 1992, issue of NATIONAL REVIEW ["Bankrupted by EPA," by Peter Samuel]. The legal import of the Fourth Circuit's decision is easily stated. The Court plainly rejected Mr. Law's position that he had no duty to abate the discharge of pollutants from his water-treatment system because of a lack of proof that he was the original generator of those pollutants. To have adopted his position would have read into the Clean Water Act's prohibition of discharges of pollutants a "generation" requirement which, if taken to its logical conclusion, would have eviscerated the statute. For example, sewage-treatment works, which by definition do not generate the pollutants they discharge, plainly are regulated by the Clean Water Act. Under defendant's theory, that would no longer have been the case—a result clearly contrary to the Act's intent. For that matter, in defendant's view, anyone could discharge pollutants into this nation's waters with impunity, so long as those pollutants were "generated" by someone else. As you can see, the Fourth Circuit's rejection of this position was eminently sensible.

Michael W. Carey
United States Attorney
Charleston, W.Va.

If the acquittal of Charles Law would have eviscerated the Clean Water Act, as the U.S. Attorney claims, then let it be eviscerated! It is plainly unjust, and destructive of property rights and responsibilities to require expensive clean-up by a property owner who finds polluted materials passing through his property. The government has succeeded in unjustly incarcerating a man who had water pollution imposed on him by neighbors. Mr. Law serves two years in jail because he did not have the money to treat the neighbors' pollution ($250,000 per year was the quote he got for the water treatment the government was requiring) while simultaneously fighting legal battles against the generators of the pollution and unscrupulous prosecutors just out for scalps for display to appease environmentalist zealots. —PS

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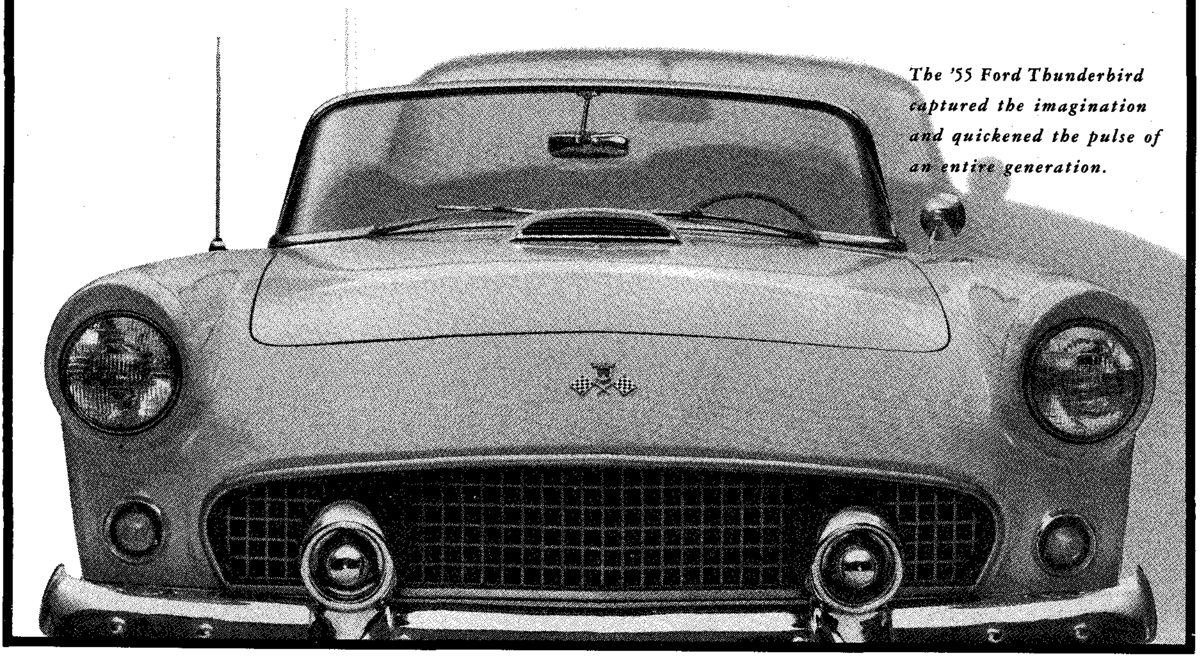

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FROM THE EDITOR

. . . And Proud of It

■ Three years ago a Canadian friend telephoned me to crow over President Bush's high poll ratings. (A Canadian is the nearest thing in nature to a liberal Republican.) At a similar point in President Reagan's first term, he gloated, the Gipper's ratings were down somewhere alongside the *Titanic*. The contrast demonstrated the superiority of (his) moderation over (my) conservatism.

I recalled this conversation while watching the presentation of the Medal of Freedom to President Reagan on television. It was a moving ceremony, the melancholy but uplifting climax to 12 years of Republican Administration, in which both men appeared admirably true to character, President Bush being chivalrous and President Reagan visionary.

Despite their long collaboration, however, the two men are at opposite ends of a historical see-saw. When one rises, the other falls.

Mr. Reagan was falling in 1981–82 because he had taken unpopular decisions that would eventually produce a growing non-inflationary economy. Mr. Bush was enjoying an extended honeymoon three years ago because, in addition to benefiting from the long Reagan boom, he was extending popular environmental regulations that, along with the 1990 budget compromise, would eventually help strangle that growth. Their reputations rose and fell accordingly.

It is the oldest lesson in politics: what matters is not whether a policy is popular, but whether its effects will be popular. Alas, it is a lesson which President Clinton seems supremely ill-fitted to learn.

■ Jacob Neusner has passed on to me a letter, provoked by his review of Bill Buckley's book on anti-Semitism, which, if not a hoax, comes from the Resisting Defamation Caucus in San José, California, and rebukes him for using the term "gentile" in his review, thus supposedly "validating" it.

What exactly is objectionable about "gentile"? The letter-writer, a "Buddhist woman," makes three points.

First, it "smothers the ethnic, religious, and cultural diversity of non-Jewish people." True enough, but all collective nouns (e.g., Americans) smother the diversity of those included within them. So what?

Second, it violates the "right of self-designation." *Another* right! Where *do* they keep coming from?

If such a right existed, a "Buddhist woman" would be entitled to call herself Catholic, Episcopalian, or Bolivian, and the rest of us would have no grounds for complaint. As it is, I sometimes wonder if the Conference of Catholic Bishops is altogether justified in its nomenclature.

Of course, some words are meant to degrade. We avoid employing them out of common courtesy. No decent person uses "nigger," for instance, except sometimes black people in dealing with each other, jocularly as I think, using the "right of self-designation" as San José's RDC doubtless imagines.

Which brings me to her final argument that gentile is just such a term, being "well-understood in Jewish circles as . . .degrading and demeaning." Well, I don't believe it. Like any word, it can be used to demean, but the term itself is merely descriptive.

More so, indeed, than the Caucus's preference, namely "non-Jewish," which to my ears implies that there is something odd about not being Jewish. Words with the prefixes "non-" or "un-" (e.g., un-American) naturally have a more negative and thus exclusionary sound than a collective noun like gentile.

None of this worries me nearly as much, however, as the thought that grown men and women are sitting around a table in San José, solemnly proscribing forbidden words in yet another exercise in bureaucratic grievance-mongering. Once, they would have been playing softball.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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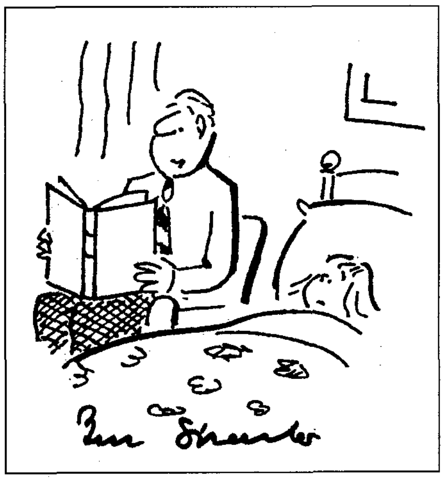
FOR THE RECORD

■ Although Minority Leader **Bob Dole** urged his colleagues to apply same standards to **Clinton** appointees that Democrats applied during **John Tower** confirmation hearings, serious questions remain concerning several: **Ron Brown**, for his representation of foreign businesses and governments; **Lloyd Bentsen**, for his breakfast club; **Donna Shalala**, for her use of federal grant money; and others. . . . Taking the blame: Sen. **Trent Lott** (Miss.), who was picked to be GOP attack dog. Even *New York Times* editorialized: "Mr. Lott wound up yapping along behind the Democratic parade." . . . Wholly enthusiastic about new Administration: Modern Language Association President **Houston Baker**. At MLA's December convention, Baker declared to thunderous professorial applause: the election of Bill Clinton was "the rebirth . . . of the possibility for hope in the humanities." . . . Putting this endorsement in perspective, MLA panels included "Outing **Goethe** and His Age," "Hermaphrodites Newly Discovered: The Politics of Gender," "**Henry James** and Queer Performativity." . . . Public-relations firm of **Oglivy**, **Adams** & **Reinehart** has been hired by homosexual organizations to get gays into Administration. . . . Justice Department sources claim transition representatives working in Justice offices have been wearing gay-rights and abortion-rights buttons. . . . As Clinton regulators prepare to go into action, gay activist **Mike Petreles** has openly stated lobby's intentions: "We want queer quotas." . . . **Milbank**, **Tweed**, **Hadley** & **McCloy** has become first large New York law firm to extend health-care benefits to gay partners of its employees, reports *The National Law Journal*. Unmarried heterosexual couples, however, will not be covered. . . . On the other side of the sexual revolution, **Cheryl Russell** of *The Boomer Report*, a monthly consumer newsletter, says, "Every woman I know is having sex dreams about Bill Clinton."

■ While chief UN negotiator **Cyrus Vance** struggles to put together Bosnian compromise, **Mustafa Ceric**, a leader of the Moslem community in former Yugoslavia, told *The National Catholic Register*: "Moslem oil has value, it seems, whereas Moslem blood had none. But no amount of Western tears will ever replace the blood now shed." . . . The 90 per cent Albanian majority in Kosovo, former Yugoslav province that Serbian dictator **Slobodan Milosevič** annexed, is trying to avoid the "mistakes" of their Bosnian Moslem co-religionists by following tactics of Solidarity and Catholic Church in Poland during cold-war days. They have organized a parallel underground government, clandestinely electing a prime minister and parliament and setting up underground schools. A Serbian attack on Kosovo or an "implosion" of ethnic violence, some say, could trigger a Third Balkan War, bringing in Turkey, Greece, and Bulgaria. "We deserve the **Nobel** Peace Prize for patience," says **Buja Bukoshi**, prime minister of the self-proclaimed republic. . . . Despite Moscow's apparent support of U.S. peacekeeping efforts in former Yugoslavia, Russian Foreign Minister **Andrei Kozyrev** claimed credit on Russian TV recently for upholding interests of Serbia, Moscow's long-time political ally. . . . A new breed of Iranian "moderates"—like **Javad Larijani**, American-educated special advisor to Foreign Ministry—are pushing Iran President **Rafsanjani** to re-integrate Iran into world economy and encourage foreign investment. . . . Washington observers, meanwhile, are worried about Iran's continuing military build-up. Delivery of Soviet attack submarine Kilo was made in November, one of four on order and the first owned by any Persian Gulf state. Rafsanjani has also, armed with missiles from Peking, staked claim to several islands and beefed up coastal bases near Strait of Hormuz, which guards entrance to Gulf. . . . Potential hot potato on plate of incoming Administration: U.S. interagency panel has okayed sale of jet engines to **Deng Xiaoping**'s China—over strong DoD objections, and despite growing signs Peking is willing to press oil claims in contested area of South China Sea.



"And they both lived separately ever after."

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■ New organization—called Empower America—has been formed to "tie conservative thought to political action." Founders include HUD Secretary **Jack Kemp**, former Congressman **Vin Weber**, *NR* senior editor **Bill Bennett**, former UN ambassador **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, and Mass. Gov. **William Weld**. For info, write to 1776 I St., N.W. (8th floor), Washington, D.C. 20006. . . . Application deadline is March 1 for **Publius** Fellowship's six-week summer course in political journalism for college seniors and graduate students. Fellows receive $2,000; the program is sponsored by Claremont Institute, 250 West First St., Suite 330, Claremont, Calif. 91711. . . . Fund for American Studies—established in 1969 by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, **Walter Judd**, **Marvin Liebman**, and others—is accepting applications for summer sessions on politics, economics, and journalism; students earn credits toward degrees at Georgetown. Application deadline: March 15; for info, write to 1526 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

■ *Los Angeles Times*'s Election Kit for students contains these definitions: "Conservative: An individual or policy that opposes change . . ." "Liberal: An individual or policy that favors change . . . It can also imply tolerance and open-mindedness."

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THE WEEK

■ Did Bill Clinton say he wanted his Cabinet to look like America, or like the American Bar Association?

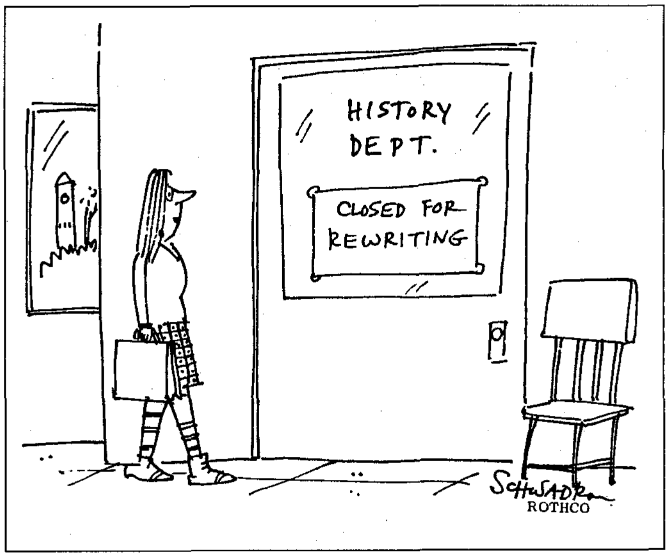
■ Two more ill omens for the new era: the savaging of the CIA budget by congressional liberals and the purge of moderate House Intelligence Committee Chairman Dave McCurdy by Speaker Tom Foley. Liberal lawmakers have reportedly already wrought an 8 per cent cut in the secret CIA budget for FY1993, and they are said to be sharpening their knives for more. Mr. McCurdy's sin was flirting with the idea of challenging Mr. Foley for the Speakership last year; he has also (gasp!) supported a six-year term limit for committee chairmen. His successor at the House Intelligence Committee is Dan Glickman, described ominously by the *Washington Post* as "a thoughtful critic of the intelligence community." With a world in turmoil, threatened by a variety of dangers from North Korea to Iraq to the former Yugoslavia, the Democratic response, apparently, is: The less we know about it, the better.

■ Bye, bye, influence peddler; hello, good advocate who gets things done. High-powered lobbyists, according to Clinton's anti-Washington rhetoric during the campaign, were the former. One high-powered lobbyist, Ron Brown, has now become the latter, as Bill Clinton's Secretary of Commerce–designate. Lobbying on behalf of Japanese-owned companies? That would "make me a better advocate" of U.S. interests when dealing with Japan, Mr. Brown told an unctuous Senate committee during his confirmation hearings. Work on behalf of the ruthless Duvalier dictatorship in Haiti? "Considerable progress was made" on human rights, says Mr. Brown. He has dwelt in that Beltway netherworld where cash, connections, and politics meet—drawing a six-figure salary from his law firm while making $90,000 as chairman of the Democratic National Committee; firing off letters to the D.C. government—led by his friend, Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly—that produced city contracts for his firms; running for DNC chairman on $250,000 of undisclosed contributions. He is, in short, part of the phenomenon that drove so many people to the anti-establishment message of Bill Clinton and Ross Perot. At least Mr. Clinton now has delivered on his promise of change—he has changed his attitude toward such insiders.

■ Enterprising reporters recently found evidence suggesting that Warren Christopher, Bill Clinton's pick for Secretary of State, had misled Congress. As LBJ's deputy attorney general, he had initialed as read at least one document giving details of Army Intelligence's monitoring of ("spying on") civil-rights and anti-war activists; but in his 1977 testimony toward confirmation as Jimmy Carter's deputy secretary of state, he claimed, "I did not know about it." Of course, the untruth can be excused as imperfect recollection. But special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh has spent over $30 million trying to jail Republicans for much more trivial misstatements.

■ Promise Limbo—where Bill Clinton's promises go when they are cast aside. This is the first installment of what we suspect will be a continuing feature. The inhabitants of Promise Limbo so far include the candidate's pledges to: cut the deficit in half by fiscal 1996 (broken because the Bush Administration's last budget projections came as an "unsettling revelation" to Mr. Clinton); give the middle class a tax cut ("I'm not sure, in the light of present circumstances, that that shouldn't be rethought"—Speaker Tom Foley); spend $20 billion on infrastructure investment (present transition team options aim at $10 billion); set up 170 "manufacturing centers" to supply know-how to small businesses (dropped in favor of a Bush plan to set up 30 centers plus 140 satellite offices); cut the White House staff by 25 per cent (achievable only by putting staffers under the rubric of detailees from government departments). Likely to enter Promise Limbo next? Mr. Clinton's pledge to open a kosher kitchen in the White House (wouldn't be any use—how do you make a kosher cheeseburger?).

■ Scoot over, Mr. Secretary of State, and make room, Mr. Secretary of Agriculture. Joining the Cabinet table is the Secretary of . . . well, actually she's the President's wife. Bill Clinton has announced that



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Hillary will attend Cabinet meetings, explaining that she "knows more about a lot of this stuff than most of us do." Unelected, unappointed, and surely unaccountable (is he going to ask her to resign as his wife if she gives bum advice about welfare reform?), Mrs. Clinton enjoys a more commanding position than most politicians who, whatever their faults, have at least faced the voters. Yes, previous First Ladies have had influence. But Mr. Clinton has elevated a natural consequence of marriage into something approaching a democratic effrontery. Then again, the Clintons' marriage has always had some of the quality of a maneuver, a way to maintain their "political viability within the system." For them, sadly, this probably passes as domesticity—Mrs. Clinton joining the Kitchen Cabinet.

■ That private school Chelsea will be going to, Sidwell Friends, is only 17 per cent black. The public schools in Washington are 89 per cent black. Moreover, Sidwell Friends' black pupils hail from well-to-do families, so the school is the functional equivalent of an all-white enclave. This reasoning may seem unfair to the Clinton family, but it's in accordance with the latest civil-rights thinking, under which statistical disparities suffice to create a presumption of guilt. Will the Clinton Administration now refrain from prosecuting inner-city firms whose employment rolls are only 17 per cent black?

■ It's official: The Clinton boom started in March 1991.

■ After six straight quarters of economic growth, the pundits at the National Bureau of Economic Research finally declared the recession over. Since then we've learned that new unemployment claims are at their lowest level since early 1989, Christmas sales were excellent, and consumer confidence rose a whopping 23 points over the past two months. The good news has made some economists nervous. The more skeptical expect retrenchment in 1993, noting that consumer spending has grown faster than income over the past few months. But the green-eyeshade crowd misses the big picture: consumers have been paying off their debts and adding to their savings. New financial assets have grown four times faster than income over the past two years—a bullish factor which, unfortunately, is not reflected in the standard economic statistics.

Call the Attendants

Mr. Walsh, an obsessive-compulsive
As nutty as Ahab, pursues
Mr. Bush as if he were a whale in the sea
Instead of a dude on a cruise.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Health Warning: Taxol, the new cancer drug, if mixed with political correctness, may cause cognitive dissonance. Feminists applaud the FDA's rapid approval of the drug, which is useful in the treatment of ovarian cancer. Unfortunately, Taxol comes from the Pacific yew tree, a sacred totem of the old-growth forests. But a PC civil war may be averted by—capitalism. Bristol-Myers Squibb is working on producing the drug in a lab, without the need for yew trees, and may succeed before Hillary and Al can come to blows. That is, unless Bill's tax hike puts the company out of business first.

■ As a leading figure in moving the United Nations toward "Earth Summits" and green causes such as the ozone layer, rain forests, and global warming, Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland has been one of the latterday saints of international environmentalism. But suddenly she risks excommunication. The Norwegian government is allowing its fishermen to resume whaling in defiance of an international moratorium, and is invoking the green theme of sustainable development to justify it. "Any resource that can be harvested on a sustainable basis—and as a scientist I believe that this applies to whales—should be harvested. Not doing that is a waste of resources," says Arnoldus Blix, the director of Arctic Biology at the University of Tromso and a leading advisor of the Brundtland government. Some types of whales are undergoing quite a population explosion, it appears. *Nature* magazine reports that the Norwegians recently got the scientific committee of the International Whaling Commission to acknowledge that the world's population of minke whales—the type Norway proposes to hunt—was being underestimated by a factor of 4.

■ Are we still permitted to use the word "barbaric"? Apparently so. Multiculturalism has run smack into feminism in France, where a Gambian woman has been jailed for performing clitorectomies on two baby girls. This traditional home surgery has become a big issue in Europe with the advent of millions of families from Africa and the Middle East. The operation brings pain, bleeding, infection, and sometimes death; girls who survive it grow up unable to enjoy sexual pleasure (the basic purpose of the practice) and sometimes sterile. Needless to say, this makes Westerners shudder and enrages feminists especially. Yet the operation is often performed by midwives at the request of mothers. Here indeed is a cultural gulf, not a sexual one. It reminds us that cultural differences are not parallel to minor distinctions between neighboring nation-states or religious

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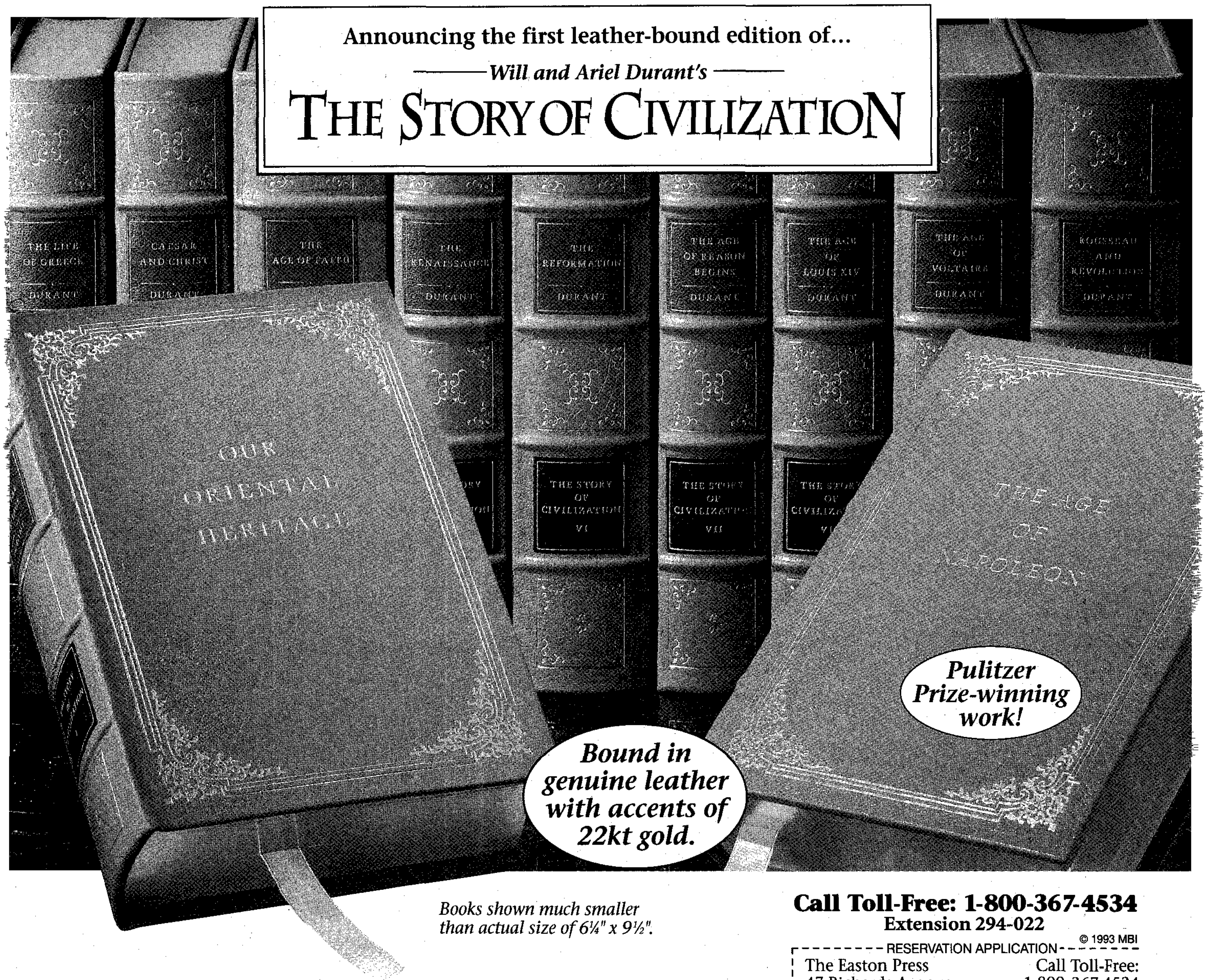
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denominations. Most tribal cultures regard it as the tribe's right to imprint its claim, painfully and indelibly, on the very bodies of its tiniest members. It's not easy to compromise with such a principle, and feminists are suddenly realizing just which culture they belong to.

■ Suddenly Colorado is South Africa. Hollywood and New York City have imposed sanctions against the state for adopting Amendment 2, which denies "protected status based on homosexual, lesbian, or bisexual orientation." Barbra Streisand, Liza Minnelli, Whoopi Goldberg, and various members of the Kennedy clan are boycotting the state. New York's Mayor David Dinkins has banned official city travel to Colorado; so has Atlanta's Mayor Maynard Jackson. The National Organization for Women and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force have joined the boycott. The voters of Colorado may have thought they were just voting against affirmative action for gays, but it turns out they were also helping rid their state of various undesirable elements.

■ The battle currently going on in Connecticut is familiar from other cities across the nation. A group in Hartford brought suit to force the merger of the largely black innter-city schools with the public schools of the surrounding suburbs. Governor Lowell Weicker jumped into the fray in his State of the State address, upping the ante from Hartford to every city in Connecticut. Now, the public schools in most of those cities stink. But segregation is provably a *result* of the problems—when the schools and other city services went downhill, everyone who could do so moved to the suburbs—and these problems in turn are the result of the cities' embrace of powerful unions and destructive educational and social policies. But rather than examine these root causes Governor Weicker et al. want to recapture those who escaped. All our experience with such social engineering shows that 1) it advances equality only by bringing the better schools down to the level of the worse, and 2) it doesn't result in long-term desegregation because parents will simply continue to flee bad schools, if necessary abandoning the public system altogether. The usual suspects have praised Mr. Weicker's "moral courage." Real moral courage, of course, would mean incurring the wrath of the social engineers by giving parents and children the real school choice that would enable them to escape their control permanently.

■ Campus Watch: In a 1991 letter to the *Charleston Gazette* in West Virginia, University of Charleston professor Mark Draper unleashed an attack on accrediting committees that make "diversity" a standard for accreditation. The letter kicked up a furor that prompted a call for Mr. Draper's censure by a faculty colleague, and an administrator warned him that such outspokenness could harm his career. It apparently has. Mr. Draper, who also stirred up a controversy last year by blasting feminism in an op-ed, won't have his contract renewed this May. The university administration says the dismissal has nothing to do with Mr. Draper's views and calls his accusations sour grapes. But the six other professors whose contracts were up this year all had them renewed. Even the admittedly liberal *Charleston Gazette* has lent Mr. Draper editorial support. "The circumstances imply that boat-rockers are an endangered species at UC," writes the *Gazette*. In 1966 the University fired a professor for doubting the Virgin Birth. Mr. Draper can attest to what a long way the university has come since.

■ A Democrat who vows to uphold the Constitution will lie about other things.

The Weinberger Pardon

NATIONAL REVIEW had been calling for a presidential pardon for Cap Weinberger and others ever since Lawrence Walsh's tortured indictments started coming down the pike. We even called for a pardon for Mr. Walsh, which would close the books on all the financial irregularities, incompetence, and abuse of power he inflicted on the body politic over six years. Let bygones be bygones.

President Bush deserves great credit for a courageous act, issuing Christmas Eve pardons to six of Walsh's victims or targets. He risked not only a vicious outburst from the liberal media but the wrath of a vengeful Walsh, who was sniffing around Mr. Bush's diaries and other peripheral material and who reacted to the pardons by a threat to indict the President himself.

If Mr. Walsh pursues this course, we hope Republicans will respond in some appropriate way, such as bringing the new government to a halt (by blocking all confirmations and legislation) until he lets go. We don't think it will come to that, however, both because Mr. Bush is not guilty of anything and because even Mr. Walsh can see the country is tired of him. Word is the special prosecutor is working on his final report, in which he is free to make all the wild charges he couldn't prove in court. After which he will nurse his bile in retirement.

The next battle will be over renewal of the Independent Counsel statute. The Democrats seem eager to revive it—even though its probable next victims will be members of a Democratic Administration. Republicans may be tempted to let it pass for that reason. We still think it's a bad law—a civil-liberties monstrosity, a fourth branch of government from

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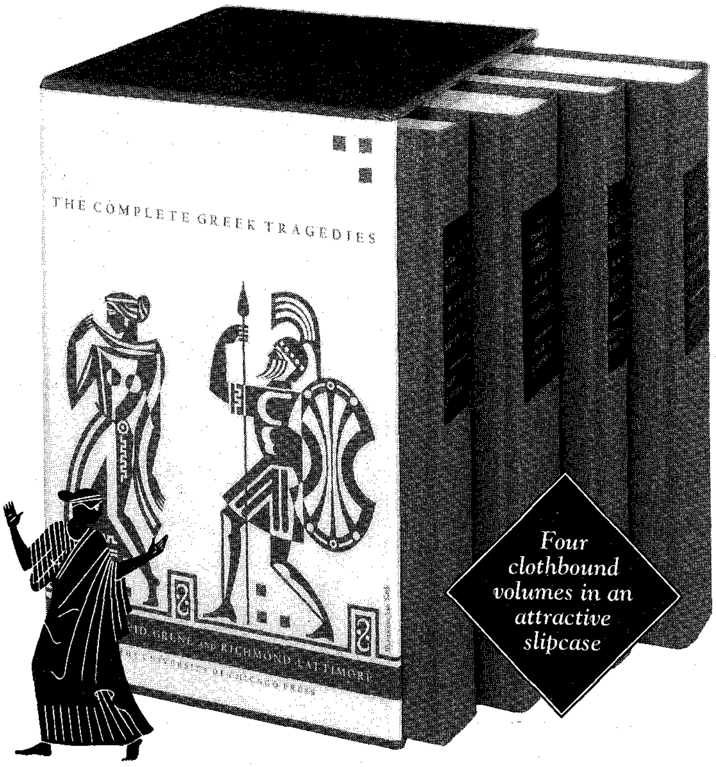
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hell, a degradation of the effective Executive that the Constitution intended. If it seems headed for renewal, Republicans should fight for some procedural safeguards—and (see below) extension to cover Congress as well as the Executive.

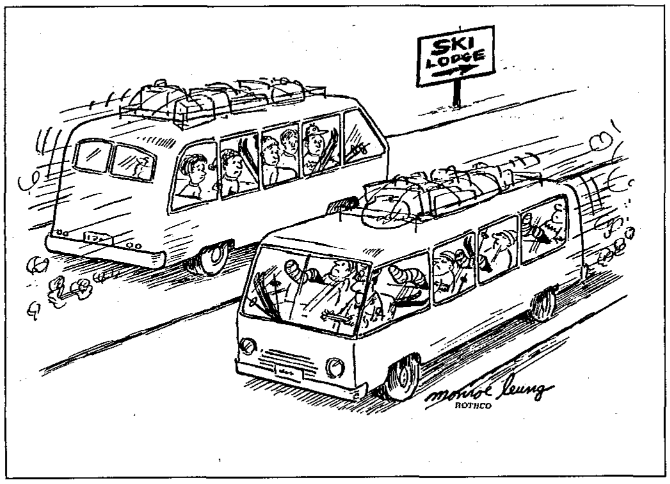
The Stephanopoulos Affair

IF PRESIDENT CLINTON intends to adhere to the high standards of ethics he proclaims, then he has a problem on his hands. One of his chief aides, George Stephanopoulos, may be subject to felony charges under the Ethics in Government Act, Title 18, U.S. Code, Section 207(e).

One of George Bush's small victories was to ensure that the 1989 additions to the ethics law applied to members of Congress and their senior staff as well as the Executive. This includes the one-year cooling-off period during which an ex-official of Congress is barred by law from communicating with his former institution to "seek official action on behalf of any person regarding any matter."

For most of 1991 Mr. Stephanopoulos was Executive Floor Assistant to House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt. There is not a shadow of a doubt that he is covered by the Act. Yet in 1992, as Bill Clinton's communications director, he was frequently seen on Capitol Hill consulting with his former colleagues. David Broder listed him prominently in a *Washington Post* column on July 4, as one of Mr. Clinton's emissaries on the Hill for consultations with the Democratic leadership. If the subject of their conversation included anything so crass as how the Democrats would handle hearings and legislation in the context of the fall campaign, then young Mr. Stephanopoulos could be the first baby boomer Rhodes Scholar to go to prison. This would be unreasonable.

Indeed, in late 1991, the Bush Administration proposed an amendment that would have exempted purely political communications from the law. Its own people, like Clayton Yeutter, Robert Mosbacher, and John Sununu, were constrained by the one-year ban on contacts with the White House, and there was bipartisan support for the change. (Some openly referred to it as the "Stephanopoulos amendment.") The bill passed Mr. Gephardt's House but died in the Senate.



The Republican ex-officials complied with the law. Mr. Stephanopoulos did not. Yet the chances of a Democratic Justice Department's even examining the case are meager, unless there is much more uproar than there has been—or than there certainly would have been if a Republican had defied the law in Mr. Stephanopoulos's brisk way. If the new Administration is to start with the slightest integrity in such matters, then a criminal investigation of Mr. Stephanopoulos—and, if indicated, a charge—are a necessity. Should a conviction follow, we would happily support a presidential pardon.

Public Enemies

IN A DIFFERENT context, President-elect Clinton inherits a serious human-rights problem from the Bush Administration—a set of U.S. Government outrages against so-called "environmental criminals." He could send an early signal of his sense of justice by issuing pardons to the following victims of the green police:

—William Ellen, 47, environmental consultant, no previous conviction, serving six months in the federal penitentiary at St. Petersburg, Virginia, for allowing two truckloads of soil to be tipped at a site in Dorchester County, Maryland, that the EPA claims is a wetland. Justice Department officials were really after the man he was working for, the rich New York futures trader Paul Tudor Jones. Mr. Ellen was offered a slap on the wrist if he'd testify against the millionaire, but he refused on the grounds that no one had done anything wrong. Himself a lifelong conservationist, Mr. Ellen was working on his employer's 3,200-acre weekender to create new wetlands and ponds for wild ducks and geese. The $7-million project fell afoul of the wildly changing definition of wetlands engendered by interagency disputes under President Bush's "no net loss" policy. A Soil Conservation Service official had cleared the area where the soil was dumped as an "upland," but an Army Corps of Engineers man disagreed and issued a stop-work order. Also, the EPA charged that the ponds, by attracting more waterfowl, would increase pollution in the form of fowl droppings.

—John Pozsgai, 60, truck mechanic, no previous conviction, who served nearly two years in jail for filling some of his property near Philadelphia without necessary federal permits. What the feds called a wetland had been a dump for abandoned tires and rusting car bodies. Mr. Pozsgai did a massive cleanup of the dump and brought in clean fill to provide parking space for his trucking business, but he failed to get "wetland" permits.

—Ocie Mills, 59, and his son Carre Mills, 34, of Navarre, Florida, no previous convictions, who got a 21-month jail sentence in January 1989 for "discharging pollutants" onto their one-third-acre building lot. The pollutants, so defined by the feds, consisted of clean builder's sand.

—Charles Law, 55, engineer, no previous conviction, currently serving two years in an Ashland, Kentucky, jail for buying surface rights to abandoned coal land in Fayette County, West Virginia, and then being unable to afford to treat coal-gob runoff which experts said originated in neighboring property. (See "Letters," p. 4.)

No shortage of prison space, apparently, for these desperate fellows. Yet when was the last time you were afraid to go out at night in case somebody dumped landfill on you?

Prisoners of Our Past

THE SENATE Select Committee on POW–MIA Affairs has disgorged its final report—or rather, a jumble of separate opinions. They will please no one. The majority's conclusions about the unlikelihood of any POWs being still alive will displease many who (perhaps wrongly) continue to hold onto hope; the report's many criticisms of U.S. Government incompetence over the years will only fuel the emotions the Committee was established to dampen.

The more insidious part of Chairman John Kerry's version of events is his masterpiece of liberal revisionism about the Vietnam War. Mr. Kerry, an authentic hero in that war, turned into an anti-war activist in 1971 and, as such, contributed to the pressures which undercut U.S. negotiating leverage. In the 1973 Paris Agreement the North Vietnamese committed themselves in very precise terms to see to the freeing of all POWs in Indochina and to account for all MIAs. They failed utterly to live up to those obligations. Their treachery was unwittingly encouraged by those in the U.S. Congress who prohibited any U.S. military action to enforce the Agreement and strangled South Vietnamese resistance to a Communist takeover.

On May 31, 1973, for example, when the Democratic Senate was legislating an unconditional unilateral halt to U.S. military actions, Senator Robert Dole offered an amendment to condition the halt on Hanoi's compliance with its commitment on our POWs and MIAs. The Dole Amendment was soundly defeated, 56 to 25. Yet the Kerry report of 1993 would have it that the problems with North Vietnamese behavior were due to failures by U.S. negotiators—men who were struggling to pin the North Vietnamese down while Mr. Kerry and his ilk were pulling the rug out from under them at every turn. The report is a blatant cover-up of the role of Congress and the anti-war movement in creating, or at the very least prolonging, the MIA problem. For anti-war Democrats to suggest, twenty years later, that Nixon and Kissinger weren't tough enough on Hanoi is hypocrisy of nauseating proportions.

Fresh START

PRESIDENTS BUSH and Yeltsin signed a far-reaching Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START II) on January 3 in Moscow. The U.S. and Russia are to reduce nuclear warheads to between 3,000 and 3,500 on each side; both are to phase out the destabilizing land-based ICBMs carrying multiple warheads; the Russians are to eliminate, in particular, the SS-18 heavy ICBMs that posed such a threat in the 1980s.

NR has never succumbed to the illusion that the arms race was a cause of conflict. The strategic nuclear race, like all other arms races, was a symptom rather than a cause of political tension (as Patrick Glynn has amply demonstrated in his *Closing Pandora's Box*). It is no accident that the collapse of Soviet Communism suddenly made arms reduction easy—and to some degree irrelevant.

This is not to disparage the Bush–Yeltsin treaty. Despite some last-minute U.S. compromises, it is an important achievement. The uncertainties of the Russian political future make it essential to lock in the arms reductions that a benign Russian leadership is currently prepared to make. Even with a political turn for the worse in Moscow, these agreements would give us some purchase on the future.

The more interesting drama here has to do with Ukraine. Like Kazakhstan and Belarus, it has Soviet ICBMs on its soil and must sign onto START II if its provisions are to be carried out. Unlike Kazakhstan and Belarus, however, Ukraine has been playing hard to get—insisting on Western security guarantees against Russian domination if it should part with the excellent bargaining chip that the missiles constitute. (It has some 130 silo-based SS-19s and 46 mobile SS-24s.) The Bush Administration, in a high Wilsonian dudgeon over the Ukrainians' stubbornness, evaded the issue for a year. To no avail. Ukrainians have been taught by centuries of history that their national survival is at stake.

Finally, on January 8, President Bush gave a visiting Ukrainian diplomat a set of assurances that we would seek immediate UN Security Council action if a non-nuclear Ukraine were threatened by any nuclear power. The State Department added in writing that "Ukraine's security as a non-nuclear state, integrated within European security structures, is an important matter for the United States." The assurances sound much too feeble, but they are a step toward American recognition of a reality—namely that Russian aggression against Ukraine would signify a resurgence of Russian power that would pose a wider threat to Europe and a renewed problem for the United States. This is simply true whether our diplomats understand it or not.

The Thief of Baghdad

SADDAM HUSSEIN looked clever in testing the international community during the Bush–Clinton interregnum when the U.S. response was likely to be hesitant. Saddam had moved SA-2 and SA-3 anti-aircraft missiles into the "no-fly" zone south of the 32nd Parallel—one of the zones from which the UN had banished Iraqi air operations. The missiles are obsolete weapons, but the principle had to be enforced lest Saddam whittle away at all of what remains of the allied success in the Gulf War. The Bush Administration went to the UN and an ultimatum was issued; Saddam removed the missiles, but apparently only into a no-fly zone in the north; we launched a punitive raid in response.

That will not solve everything. Saddam continues to interfere with UN inspectors trying to oversee the elimination of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. He blocked the arrival of seventy inspectors in mid January, for example. This UN effort is far more important than SA-2s or SA-3s in the no-fly zone. The more he undermines the UN inspection regime, the closer he comes to winning the big enchilada in the end—developing some major weapons capability that will restore his clout in the region and his status in the Arab world. How this struggle is going, only Saddam knows for sure.

Punitive raids may be steps toward some more final confrontation. In that case, they are useful. Or they may be an evasion—a comfortable way to face him down over minor issues while he continues to beaver away at his major weapons programs. It is a little early to claim victory. The only real victory will be achieved when Saddam is toppled from power altogether.

Somebody's Gonna Get It

With both Aspin and Foley admitting
That the Weinberger pardon was fitting,
  In the fever swamps, where
  The left-loonies repair,
One untuits the sound of rude spitting.

W. H. VON DREELE

Greenery-Yallery

THE HOMOSEXUAL poet W. H. Auden coined the word "Homintern" for the gay literary claque of his day. It aptly describes the spirit and methods of contemporary gay-rights organizations and their liberal political allies.

New York Mayor David Dinkins, fresh from supporting a curriculum that would make *Heather Has Two Mommies* available to first-graders, most recently stripped the sponsorship of the annual St. Patrick's Day Parade from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the group which has put on the parade for more than half of its 232 years, because the Hibernians refused to let an Irish homosexual group march in the parade with banners flying. The permit was assigned instead to more compliant Irishmen.

Cardinal O'Connor denounced the move as "arbitrary politicization." The New York Civil Liberties Union agreed with him. But the politicization of public and private events is anything but arbitrary. It systematically benefits the Homintern as an ally of the liberal political elite—an alliance the Homintern entered because it sees in unchecked state power the opportunity to rewrite traditional morality.

When Patrick Buchanan said at the Houston Convention that America was engaged in a religious war, he was hooted for his bellicosity. Now that liberals and homosexual activists are waging that war in New York, will anybody notice?

Rudolf Nureyev, R I P

THERE was always an aura of danger about Rudolf Nureyev—the dark Romanticism onstage; the reckless hunger to leave no style of dance unexplored, no part of the world unvisited, no nightclub unenjoyed. The wonder, actually, is that he lived so long.

The scandal-seekers are reveling in the presumptive cause of death; but the doctor's dignified announcement—"Following Mr. Nureyev's wishes, I can say no more"—was in keeping with his patient's consistent refusal to make private matters public. One recalls Dick Cavett's increasingly frantic efforts, twenty years ago, to extract from Nureyev some confession, any confession. Homosexuality, an adulterous affair with Margot Fonteyn—the ineffable Mr. Cavett would have been equally delighted with either; but all he got was a deft turning of every question into other channels. As Mr. Nureyev told a more serious interviewer: "Of course I have a personal life. Something goes on, I'm sure. But I don't think the public should know about that. Do you?"

There was a matter less congenial to most interviewers, however, on which he was quite willing to talk: the ravages of Communism. When, a decade after Nureyev's own "leap to freedom" in 1961, a wave of other Soviet dancers defected, the party line among American journalists was that there was nothing *political* about their decision—it was merely a matter of "artistic freedom." Nureyev refused to let them get away with that, regularly mentioning the ways in which "artistic freedom" and just plain freedom were related. He even recommended that they read *The Gulag Archipelago*, as he had done.

But the center of his life—and the reason people cared about his opinions on other matters—was what happened on stage. Audiences were dazzled by the combination of technical bravura and dramatic art. Other dancers (though not many) might leap as high and stay in the air as long. Others might have as beautiful a line (the figure made by the angles of arms and legs and the carriage of torso and head). But no one since Nijinsky had put them together as well; and for dramatic comparisons critics were more likely to look to Laurence Olivier than to other dancers. The bravura eventually faded (*grands jetés* are a young man's sport); the performances remained worth watching for a long time after. But do catch the early film of the "Corsaire" *pas de deux* to see how he conquered people who had never seen a ballet before and confirmed balletomanes alike.

When Nureyev approached George Balanchine about the possibility of their working together, Balanchine said something like: "When you're tired of dancing all those roles of princes, come over to me." Nureyev replied: "I may sometimes get tired of them, but the princes never get tired of having me dance them." The last time New Yorkers saw him in *Giselle*—the ballet that had begun his legendary partnership with Margot Fonteyn a quarter of a century earlier—neither he nor Prince Albrecht looked a bit tired of the other.

And flights of angels sing him to his rest.

F. Clifton White, R I P

POLITICIANS come in two varieties. Some are born candidates, addicted to applause and adroit at winning it. These are the men and women who run for public office, and whose names are therefore familiar to everyone. Others, equally devoted to the "great game," may never run for office at all, preferring to work in the campaigns of others, or to serve their party and their country in ways less visible still. F. Clifton White was one of the latter, and his career puts to rest forever the notion that a politician of this type cannot hope to have as much influence on events as a successful candidate.

Born in upstate New York in 1918 and educated at Colgate and Cornell, the tall, gangly youth (he reminded some people of Jimmy Stewart) served as navigator of a B-17 in 25 combat missions over Germany in World War II, and came home already planning a political career. After one unsuccessful primary battle for a congressional nomination in 1946, he taught political science at Cornell while extending his influence in the state and national Young Republican organizations. In a few years he was the undisputed leader of both, and had begun building a business as a political advisor to corporations and a consultant and campaign manager for political candidates. In the 1960 presidential campaign he ran Volunteers for Nixon–Lodge.

After Nixon's defeat the Republican Party, leaderless and dejected, was looking for a new direction. White had friends in the conservative movement, which had been launched by Bill Buckley and a handful of others in the early 1950s, and he shared many of their views. In the summer of 1961 he set out to transform this largely intellectual movement into a national political force, and in the process to do what no one had ever done before: literally draft someone (in this case Barry Goldwater) for a presidential nomination.

In his *The Making of the President—1964* Theodore White (no kin) described Clif White as "a technician of politics—one of the finest in America." Just how good he was (and how powerful a force conservatism was becoming) Nelson Rockefeller and the other recognized leaders of the GOP had discovered at San Francisco's Cow Palace, when Goldwater was nominated for President on the first ballot with 883 votes out of 1,308. White's pre-ballot prediction was off by just one vote.

After his nomination Goldwater put various Arizona friends in charge of his campaign. He has since honorably acknowledged that "Not selecting White [as Republican national chairman] was a mistake. . . . Clif deserved the honor."

But if White was disappointed, he didn't let it slow him down. He went on to become the manager of Ronald Reagan's belated bid for the 1968 nomination, which despite the late start came close to defeating Mr. Nixon. In 1970 he directed James Buckley's successful campaign for a U.S. senatorship from New York on the Conservative Party line, beating both the Republican and Democratic nominees. In 1980 Bill Casey, Mr. Reagan's campaign manager, summoned White to his side at their Arlington headquarters as one of two full-time "senior advisors" (the other was James Baker).

During the 1980s White divided his time between his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, an office in Washington from which he directed the International Foundation for Electoral Systems, an organization that explains the techniques of democratic politics to nations belatedly becoming interested in the subject, and the Ashbrook Center for Public Affairs at Ashland University in Ohio. As director of the Center (where he was able to return to some extent to his first love, teaching), White built it into a highly respected forum for the study of public issues. President Reagan, as well as Vice Presidents Bush and Quayle and many other prominent conservatives, journeyed to Ashland at his invitation, to share their insights with the students and faculty and above all with his beloved Ashbrook scholars.

White genuinely liked politicians, and—sensing this—they responded by being truly fond of him. At a large dinner in his honor in Washington last June, Frank Fahrenkopf and Charles Manatt, former chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees respectively, were among those who rose to offer their tributes.

Clif White's last years were dogged by ill health, which he faced with courage and the same quiet religious faith that informed and sustained his political convictions. In his last few weeks, there were phone calls from Presidents Bush, Reagan, and Nixon—and Barry Goldwater. White died on January 9, 1993, with Bunny, his wife of 52 years, at his side. Few Americans, if any, have done more to hammer the high-test ore of conservative principles into the gleaming metal of political victory. —WAR

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

If Clinton nominates Cuomo, Bork him!

Very truly yours,
Steven Patrick Leahy
Whitefish Bay, Wisc.

Dear Mr. Leahy: To beat Mr. Cuomo, we shouldn't need to Bork him, should we? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mavens say you must approve new words for English usage. I submit *Demican*—my own invention—for consideration and adoption.

The phrase "Democrats and Republicans" is unwieldy, and so a shorter way of saying this is surely needed. We accomplish that by eliminating letters: DEM~~OCRATREPUBL~~ICAN. Loan words from French may contain "demi-" meaning "half" or "lesser." "Can" is slang meaning "the buttocks." The combination, then, conveys an accurate description of the commonality between major political parties—i.e., "half-assed."

And it is succinct.

Fiat lux,
J. Harvey Patrick O'Brien
York, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You professed in response to Ed Green's letter ["Notes & Asides," June 22], that you *liked* the mathematician Alan Turing, but I think I can get you to like him even better.

Turing's work has to do with *decidability*—the fatal problem faced by the central planners under state socialism, as described in human terms by Hayek in *The Road to Serfdom*. Turing, in his famous "Halting Problem," supplies mathematical rigor in support of this position.

A Turing Machine is defined to be an inexorable computer with unlimited memory. Having thus set up a straw man, Turing knocks it down by showing what decisions such a computer cannot reliably make. He asks: In general, is an inexorable computer able to decide whether some other such computer can make an arbitrary decision? That is, can one computer reliably out-think another one? The answer is a resounding *not necessarily*. (Read Marvin Minsky's textbook, *Computation: Finite and Infinite Machines*, for the not-too-gory details.)

The idea of Turing's proof is that to validate the feasibility of some computations, you actually have to do the computation out, which cannot, however, be done if the computation in question is flawed, in that it cannot be done in a finite number of steps—that is, if it never *halts*.

We fallible humans—even central planners—should fare much worse in out-thinking each other than inexorable machines. Worse, how could a small group out-think a large diverse economy? Not at all, unless repression were applied to constrict the flow of information and thus handicap people even beyond the limits already imposed by their own fallibilities. That, at least, could stop people from thinking. Only then, with people effectively *less conscious*, might there be a chance to out-think them to the point of imposing central planning.

Punch-line: But since the central planners are themselves humanly fallible, they will ultimately go wrong, and nobody within the system will be able to understand what is going on.

Familiar story?

Sincerely,
Dan Starr
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Mr. Starr: As I see it, then, we *can't lose*! Cordially, **—WFB**

ON THE SCENE

Party in Search of a Leader

GEOFFREY MORRIS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ALLEGED conservative Kevin Phillips predicts that the Republican Party will soon "dip into factional fights." If Phillips is right, round one begins later this month at the meeting of the Republican National Committee, when the new party chairman is selected.

But judging by the opinions of committee members who plan to vote on January 29 in St. Louis, Phillips and the liberals are likely to be disappointed. Early speculation had focused on who would be the best spokesman for the party—a question tailor-made for in-fighting. But committee members now seem in general agreement that a different sort of person is needed for party chairman—"someone who knows how to get a speaker and organize a fund-raising dinner," as Joyce Tehres, Maryland's state chairman, puts it. The task of the party chairman, in this view, is to keep Republican organizations from Pittsburgh to Pasadena alive, informed, and together.

It would be nice to have a chairman who can go on TV and explain party positions. But it's the grassroots that need the attention. And of course there's no shortage of party spokesmen who can work effectively with the new party head—Bill Bennett, Jack Kemp, Bob Dole, Bob Michel. Committee members seem to agree that the party should let its parts speak for the whole.

Morton Blackwell, Republican activist and Virginia committeeman, argues that over the last decade or so the RNC has gone from training and educating local party activists and volunteers to being "media-driven and consultant-ridden." He recalls the Sixties, when party leaders organized precinct groups, women's groups, youth groups, community groups. The remedy, says Blackwell, is to return to this program, informing it with the ideas that put Ronald Reagan into the White House.

Robert Prince

None of the top contenders for the chairmanship would disagree. The early front-runner was Haley Barbour, a committeemen from Mississippi. After running for the Senate in 1982, Barbour worked as political director in the Reagan White House. He has since become that despised Beltway creature, the Washington lobbyist.

Being a sitting committeeman gives him the greatest access to the 165 voting members (three from each state plus Guam, Puerto Rico, D.C, the U.S. Virgin Islands, and American Samoa). An experienced and adroit political organizer and a good public speaker, he is personally well liked.

However, Barbour is being criticized for, among other things, donating $1,000 to the campaign of *Democratic* Representative Bill Tauzin (ACU: 70) in Louisiana in 1991. The donation, Barbour says, was to encourage conservative Democrats to cross the aisle and form a Republican majority. Tauzin, however, was also a major supporter of the cable-regulation bill, for which Barbour was a paid lobbyist. President Bush's veto of the bill was his only one to be overturned, which is not quite a party rallying point. Barbour also until recently was receiving $7,500 a month from CBS to lobby on telecommunication matters.

New Jersey committeeman David Norcross argues that Barbour is a dedicated Republican and "he more than anyone can bring the disparate branches of the party together." So should being a successful lobbyist disqualify one from the position? Let's just say Barbour stopped being considered the front-runner after his lobbying record was neatly packaged and sent to interested parties.

Spencer Abraham, Federalist Society founder and National Republican Congressional Committee head, has been working the phones and making personal visits in anticipation of the St. Louis vote. Abraham argues that he has the most, and most impressive, experience. He took over chairmanship of the Michigan Republican Party in 1983 and laid the groundwork for the election of conservative Governor John Engler. When he left in 1991 the GOP had gained control of the state senate. This past November, with Engler riding high in the polls, Republicans also split the formerly Democratic state assembly.

When Abraham took over as chairman of the NRCC in 1991 he terminated contracts the committee held with 57 consulting firms. Although the GOP lost the White House, under Abraham's tutelage, Republicans gained ten House seats in 1992.

Beltway conservatives back Abraham. But the RNC electorate consists of state party leaders, most of whom live and work outside the Beltway. And to win, the candidate must get a majority. If the first ballot does not produce a winner, then the back-patting and vote-haggling begins.

Washington politicking went on nonetheless. Abraham campaign posters were nailed to telephone poles outside the White House last week when RNC members were meeting privately with Administration officials. And Dan Quayle has come out vociferously for his former deputy chief of staff.

Mr. Morris is NR's *executive editor.*

Other prominent conservatives—any one of them would have been a terrific chairman and an even better official spokesman—who had had hopes for the post bowed out for various reasons: Vin Weber because of his close ties with leading presidential contender Jack Kemp; Bill Bennett and Pete du Pont because of their own possible 1996 candidacies. As the field thinned, John Ashcroft popped his name in. Ashcroft, the outgoing Missouri governor, has some big-name backing—Pat Robertson and Governors William Weld (Mass.), Carroll Campbell (S.C.), and James Edgar (Ill.). He didn't announce his candidacy until his departure from office in early January, but his intentions were widely known before that—evidenced by a prescription for the future of the party he wrote for the *Washington Post* and by his prominence at the December Republican Governors' Association meeting.

He won five landslide elections in Missouri—as state auditor, twice as attorney general, and twice for the statehouse. Great personal victories, yes, but those victories haven't carried through into enduring party strength in the state. Governor Ashcroft had a hand in portions of the social planks of the 1992 platform; some committeemen dislike the high visibility those planks were given in Houston. Ashcroft is vocally anti-abortion, and many RNCers prefer a more low-key stance—neither an extreme pro-choicer (which sank Lynn Martin) nor a vocal right-to-lifer.

Another candidate campaigning heavily is Bo Calloway, former congressman and committeeman from both Georgia and Colorado and current head of GOPAC (the PAC Newt Gingrich uses to trumpet his domestic empowerment proposals). Calloway says the RNC should exist to help out in local races and not to issue commands from its Capitol Hill headquarters. He's a respected party organizer, is well known among those voting, and has years of experience as a campaign organizer. Though liked by many conservatives, Calloway is considered an establishment Republican. And, for a party trying to reach out to younger voters, Calloway's age (67) associates him too much with the party past.

When asked why the four leading candidates were more or less conservative political operatives, Quayle's chief of staff Bill Kristol explained: "It's a conservative party." We'll see later this month if he is right. A fifth and liberal candidate is a late entry in the race. Craig Berkman is a long shot: he's not well known outside Oregon, where he's given to factional fighting. Since last summer he has been trying to purge the Christian Right from prominence in the Oregon GOP.

Republicans haven't voted for a party chairman since 1976, when Bill Brock helped set the stage for the Reagan Revolution. The leading candidates this time recognize that Reagan's accomplishments weren't created in Washington but rather in small towns, among small groups with big ideas. More often than not, a good start leads to a good finish. □

Serbian Tightrope

CHANDLER ROSENBERGER

Chang Park

BELGRADE

THE SERBS pride themselves on defying world opinion. "We never bend," a street-corner huckster said, apologizing that sanctions had cut off his supply of American cigarettes. "We never break."

But the Serbian president, Slobodan Miloševič, has done them all one better. By stealing their December elections, he has thumbed his nose at his own people and at the world on their behalf. The man who made his career by shutting down Serbia's autonomous regions has created a Frankenstein's monster, the Serbian Radical Party, to threaten even harsher actions from the sidelines. Serbia now rests on a razor's edge between compromise and chaos. But when, at the end of January, its political parties try to form a government, it will still be Miloševič making the choice.

Although Miloševič's challenger, the Serbian-American businessman Milan Panič, conceded defeat, the December 20 elections were blatantly rigged. After opposition members had helped count votes in the local polling stations, the Serbian government simply derailed the ballots on their way to Belgrade. Rather than allow the ballot papers to move on to district commissions, where more observers awaited them, the regime side-tracked them into "communal commissions," bastions of Miloševič's Socialist Party. The results that emerged gave Miloševič 56 per cent. Opposition estimates based on local counts had put him just under or around 50 per cent.

But the theft of the ballots was only the last and perhaps most subtle ploy in the Socialist theft of the vote. The favorable coverage Panič received in Belgrade papers and on the city's independent television was swamped by a flood of innuendo from state television, the only nationwide medium. Pensions were not keeping up with inflation, state broadcasters alleged, because Panič had raided the coffers. He was a "traitor," both a CIA agent and a failure who could not convince his Western paymasters to lift sanctions.

As election day approached, Panič supporters fought a trench war against the electoral bureaucracy to get registered. Opposition activists regularly discovered they had died or moved, or that they lived in demolished buildings. A French observer from the CSCE (Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe) estimated that more than one hundred thousand first-time voters had been left off the rolls.

The Socialists dismissed such accusations as sour grapes. The CSCE's complaints were just so much propa-

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Mr. Rosenberger is a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs.

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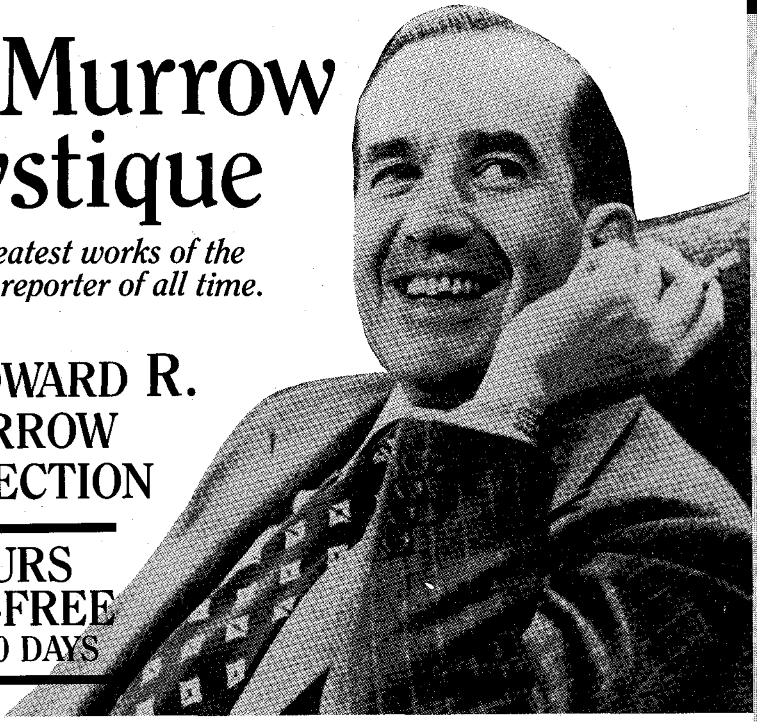

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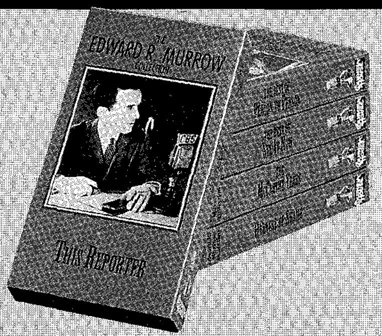

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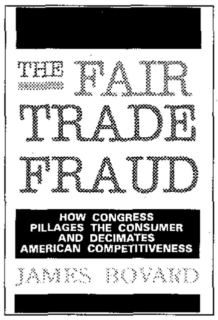
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ganda from "some powerful people in the New World Order." A Miloševič spokesman sneered when I mentioned the charges. "Decisions important for the destiny of Serbia will be made here in Serbia," he sniffed, "no matter what the world thinks."

The theft was effective. Panič is politically dead. So is Yugoslav President Dobrica Cosič, who angered the Socialists by backing Panič and the opposition by later dropping him. That leaves Miloševič to choose between the opposition and the Radicals in forming a government.

The Socialists created the Radicals to be their puppets. While Panič only appeared on television doing one of his unintentional impressions of Mickey Mouse, the ultra-nationalists got enough air-time to earn 25 per cent of the vote. The Radicals became Serbia's second largest party by playing on Serb fears that the break-up of Yugoslavia was a prelude to the splintering of Serbia itself. Albanians have flooded into the Serbian cultural heartland of Kosovo and in June tried to declare their own state. Radical leader Vojislav Seselj advocates clearing out the Albanians, many of whom are illegal immigrants.

Miloševič needs the Radicals to distract the Serbs from impending economic doom. But even the Radicals' rhetoric may not be enough to keep Serbs happy with Miloševič.

But Miloševič wants the Radical rhetoric, not their politics. He is now trying to shed his reputation abroad as the "butcher of the Balkans," and the last thing he needs is a coalition partner famous for a private army bent on freelance "ethnic cleansing." And the more Seselj rants while outside the government, the better Miloševič looks inside it. Since the election Seselj has demanded Panič's execution. Miloševič would embrace the Radicals only if he cared more about the Bosnian Serbs than about his own control over Belgrade. He doesn't.

Thanks to Western sanctions, Yugoslavia's industrial production has fallen 21.4 per cent this year; exports are down 41 per cent. A further 1.2 million workers, or one-third of the current workforce, will be on welfare by the end of the year. Meanwhile, inflation is running at 13,000 per cent.

And the Radicals will always be there, of course, should the opposition or the West demand too much. Miloševič can probably just about afford to push the Bosnian Serbs to negotiations, since Serbs at home are sick of suffering for them. But he could not give up Kosovo, any more than England could Westminster Abbey. "This is the phenomenon of Balkan obstinance," said Alexandra Jankovič, a psychologist and leader of the opposition party, DEPOS. "We would get a completely paradoxical result. Even people who did not support the policies of Serbia would swing to the other side." Thanks to his masterly electoral fraud, Miloševič can still sway to suit the whims of a people who pride themselves on never bending. ☐

On the Offensive

RICHARD BROOKHISER

NEW YORK

IN AUGUST 1991, Crown Heights became shorthand for the black anti-Jewish riots which scarred the east Brooklyn neighborhood. In recent months, the name has come to cover an expanding political hubbub. Crown Heights—the events, not the place—has cost one life. It may cost the mayor of New York his job. It has exposed multiculturalism as an unworkable civic ideal, though whether anyone will come up with a workable one is another question.

The riots began when a car in the entourage of the Lubavitcher *rebbe*, a Hasidic Jewish religious leader, accidentally struck and killed a black child. For three nights, black mobs scoured the streets where Jews lived, yelling "Heil Hitler" and "Kill the Jew." The hoodlums broke windows, beat passersby, and actually killed one Jew, Yankel Rosenbaum, a 29-year-old divinity student. The cops arrested Lemrick Nelson Jr., a black teenager.

In any other city the case against Nelson would have been strong. He had a bloody knife in his pocket, he

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Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer

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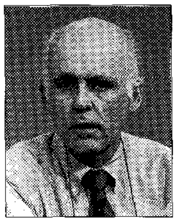

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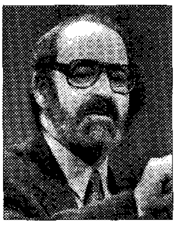

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had confessed to the police (though he later recanted), and he was identified by the dying man as the killer. When Nelson came to trial last fall, his lawyer argued that the cops had planted the knife and made up the confession, and that Rosenbaum's identification had been mistaken. The jury agreed, and several jurors celebrated their verdict by attending a party thrown by Nelson's lawyer. "I have no doubt," commented Mayor David Dinkins, "that in this case the criminal-justice system has operated fairly and openly."

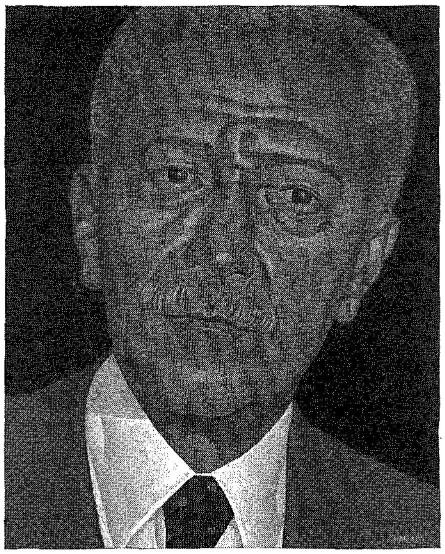
New Yorkers thought this over for a month. Then at the beginning of December Crown Heights made the news again. Ralph Nimmons, a homeless black man, was found lying beaten in an alley behind Lubavitcher headquarters. He said he had been scrounging for clothes when he had been set upon by twenty to thirty Hasidic men, who battered him with blows and epithets, including "black nigger." "Any incident of this sort is repugnant," said Mayor Dinkins. But Hasidic spokesmen said that Nimmons had been trying to break into the building. They produced a tool kit—wrench, screwdriver, box knife, awl—which Nimmons admitted was his. When the cops pulled Nimmons's sheet, they found arrests for burglary, robbery, and weapons possession.

At public events later in the week, Dinkins was greeted by Jewish hecklers calling him "Jew-hater." Charles Rangel, a black congressman from Harlem, warned Hasidic Jews against provoking a "backlash." Rangel's backlash took concrete form when two black thugs mugged a Hasidic tourist from England in Crown Heights; "this one is for Nimmons," one mugger said.

The establishment had to do something to restore calm. What it did was show a movie: a screening at the Apollo Theater in Harlem of *The Liberators*, a documentary about two black American army units, the first Allied troops to arrive at Buchenwald at the end of World War II. There was something for everyone, Comity Tonight. The audience sang "We Shall Overcome"; Mayor Dinkins quoted Rabbi Hillel; Jesse Jackson said blacks and Jews would "go on the moral offensive" together.

But almost instantly New Yorkers went back to being plain offensive. How could they help it? The ethnic group therapy session at the Apollo had not addressed the mindset which incubated New York's problems in the first place. When David Dinkins was elected mayor in 1989, he hailed the city as a "gorgeous mosaic." This sounded like Fourth of July boilerplate, New York style: the patriotism of Ellis Island and the balanced ticket. But the gorgeous mosaic of modern multiculturalism preserves the bad features of traditional New York ethnic politics and adds some of its own.

The tiles of the gorgeous mosaic—by definition, minorities—are encouraged to define themselves in terms of grievances (this is a traditional feature). In *The Liberators* the aggrieved are allies: soldiers in segregated units rescue victims of the Holocaust. But in real political life, group spokesmen pit their grievances one against another, as if to say, *I'll see your Jim Crow, and raise you Kristallnacht*, or vice versa.



Roberto Parada

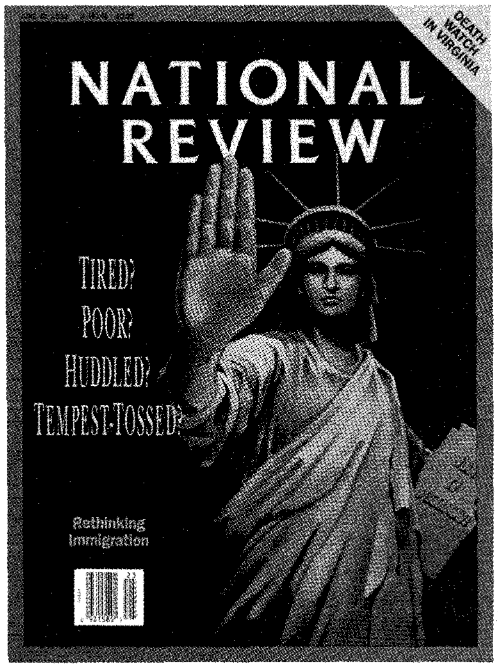
The phrase "gorgeous mosaic" also implies a parity among the pieces. But in fact the pieces which support David Dinkins get better treatment. The gay-rights movement is one favored piece, whence the brawl over sex education in the public schools (see "Winning in New York," by Richard Vigilante, *NR*, Jan. 18). Blacks are another.

Mayor Dinkins responds to Jewish rage by pointing to his lifelong record of moderation and even-handedness. There is something to this. Dinkins publicly criticized Louis Farrakhan's Jew-baiting at a time when the murder of Malcolm X—foretold if not engineered by Farrakhan—was still a fairly fresh memory. At the same time, Dinkins has profited politically from playing the black good cop, while treating some black bad cops who are only marginally less noxious than Farrakhan as gently as any sucking dove. Thus Dinkins put Sonny Carson, a black bigot from Brooklyn, on his 1989 campaign payroll. A year later, when Carson organized a boycott of a Korean fruit stand, Dinkins took months to notice the situation officially. By playing footsie with Carson, Dinkins set himself up for Crown Heights.

Dinkins stands for re-election this year, and it is possible that someone could assemble a counter-mosaic of all the pieces left out of Dinkins's, even as Senator Alfonse D'Amato did in his successful race against liberal Democrat Robert Abrams. But there will be no challenge to mosaicism in principle. City Council President Andrew Stein, a Democrat, has been taking conservative positions on taxes and municipal finances, but he has made his own deals with socially aggressive grouplets, particularly the city's gays. Rudolph Giuliani, the Republican former prosecutor, talks a good game about "law and order," but he gives no sign that he is capable of bolstering such an appeal to the general interest by larger arguments.

David Dinkins might even win an election that was merely an ethnic scrimmage. If black votes cancel the votes of white Catholics, then Jewish votes will hold the balance, as they did in 1989. And many Jews—the types who showed up at the Apollo Theater—are still committed to the rhetoric of the gorgeous mosaic, however skeptical they are of the reality. Liberal Manhattanites resent being dragged into a racial brawl by the troubles of outer-borough Hasidim.

One of the few positive pronouncements of the last month came not from the candidates but from Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly, who announced that "bias incidents" would henceforth be labeled "possible bias incidents" until investigations were complete. New York's fixation on the bias component of crimes has put prejudice on a par with crime itself, as if the city was doing so well at upholding law and order that it could move on to attitudinal fine-tuning. The cops' decision to put first things first is a more hopeful sign than anything coming from the city's political or intellectual classes. □



An Immigration Debate

WHY CONTROL THE BORDERS?

The first difficulty in the immigration debate is to decide just what is being debated: Is it all a matter of economics? Or is it a nation's racial composition, or perhaps its cultural direction? Five leading writers on the subject comment on Peter Brimelow's article, and Mr. Brimelow responds.

Julian L. Simon

IN HIS anti-immigration broadside [June 22, 1992], Peter Brimelow makes two general arguments against current immigration: a) that it is economically hurtful, and b) that it alters the nature of American life.

For many people, both of these arguments are nothing but a façade for anti-foreigner and racist feelings. Mr. Brimelow disclaims that his message is based on his own racial preferences. I will take him at his word.

Brimelow's main theme is part of a very old tradition. Thomas Jefferson worried that immigrants would not "harmonize" with natives "in matters which they must of necessity transact together." He believed that the immigrants "bring with them the principles of the governments they leave . . . or if they throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness . . . These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children."

The nightmare vision is of "us" being overwhelmed by "them," and it has taken on new life in the last few years. Pat Buchanan has written that aliens alter "the ethnic character of California and the United States." He quotes with approval the magazine *Chronicles*: "High rates of non-European immigration . . . will swamp us all."

When Margaret Thatcher closed the door to the people of Hong Kong—British subjects—who wanted to leave before the Communist takeover in 1997, she used the same wording as Buchanan: the British fear "being swamped by people of a different culture."

People across the political spectrum think that immigrants change our country. The "liberal" Arthur Schlesinger writes: "In the twenty-first century, if present trends hold, non-whites in the U.S. will begin to outnumber whites. This will bring inevitable changes in the national ethos."

Anti-immigration advocates such as the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) lean heavily on the idea that the country should restrict immigration in order to maintain our customs and institutions. Immigrants, they say, will not "make an irrevocable commitment to the language and political system of America." And the American Immigration Control Foundation distributes scary pamphlets warning about "whites becoming a minority group in America."

People like Us

SUCH NATIVISM is psychologically understandable. It is like wanting our own children to resemble us. But the supposed facts used to justify it are quite disproven by the history of immigration—into the United States, at least. Immigration does not substantially alter American institutions and culture. Rather, the immigrants absorb American ways and are absorbed into them.

For starters, ask yourself: Which state is more quintessentially "American" now—Hawaii, with its majority of non-European stock of fairly recent immigration, or Louisiana, with little recent immigration?

Mr. Simon is Professor of Business Administration at the University of Maryland, and most recently the author of The Economic Consequences of Immigration *and* Population Matters: People, Resources, Environment, and Immigration.

Let's consider our distinctive central institutions one by one. We'll see that our ways are little different from what they would be if no immigrant had arrived in the past half a century, though of course immigrants have contributed many American-type innovations.

Law. U.S. law clearly is an organic growth from its Anglo-Saxon beginnings. The only state whose law is noticeably different is Louisiana, a result of its origins two centuries ago.

Language. Every child born here now (though not in the nineteenth century) speaks English as a first language, no matter what his parents speak. The only exception is Puerto Rico. Its original Spanish continues to dominate despite immigration of English-speakers from the mainland. Words like *chutzpah* and *Mafia* creep into the national language, but they are at most a light spice on our native tongue.

Customs. We all shake hands, and we don't embrace much, just the way Americans have always done. Yes, we high-five on the basketball court in imitation of Magic Johnson. But no black or white yuppie high-fives at a business lunch, except perhaps with a basketball buddy. And we continue to play American football no matter how many people come from soccer-playing lands or are better fitted by physique for European football than for American football or basketball.

Politics. We still have the same old two-party political system, even after Ross Perot. We have not descended into an anarchic national system imported by foreigners, despite the hysteria that contributed to the convictions of Sacco and Vanzetti and the expulsion of Emma Goldman. Nor have immigrants imposed an "alien" mode of government onto any of our states.

Holidays. Lots of our forebears came here without a Christian tradition—from Moslem and Jewish religions, and from African and Asian ways. But are the department stores of any city in doubt about whether Christmas is our national holiday? Yes, there is some variation in religious holidays celebrated in various states—Good Friday, for example. But the relative insignificance of this variation in our national life emphasizes how little effect immigration has.

The only religiously based holiday that affects public life markedly is Mardi Gras in Louisiana. This illustrates the power of origins to set the pattern, and highlights the imperviousness of institutions to change by minority immigration.

Of course the WASP settlers swamped the religious traditions of the Native Americans. But that was because the immigrants quickly became the majority, and because their material culture was superior to that of the earlier residents.

Same Theme, New Variations

THE PREVIOUS two paragraphs contain the seeds of a general theory explaining why immigrants have had so little noticeable effect upon American life patterns. The pattern of civic life remains what it was before a wave of immigration, unless the immigrants are greater in numbers or riches than the prior residents. The chance that any immigration into the United States will meet these conditions is nil.

Notice how I, the grandson of immigrants, naturally write "us" and "our," and how you—whether a descendant from the Mayflower folks, or almost fresh off the boat yourself—feel it natural to use these same pronouns while you discuss with me this or other issues. What greater proof could there be that, rather than altering our national life, immigrants intensify it and make us more like ourselves?

Immigration does increase *diversity* in a variety of ways—foods eaten, ethnic festivals celebrated, types of schools operated privately, foreign-language newspapers published. But this is variation *around* the main line, rather than an alteration in the central tendencies of national life. Nativists confuse the one with the other, in error or purposely for its scare power.

Numbers Talk

NOW BRIEFLY about Brimelow's arguments with the economics and demography in my *The Economic Consequences of Immigration*, which he does me the honor of addressing.

Brimelow writes like a man in the tentacles of an octopus. He has the intellectual honesty to acknowledge the research that has been done. He then struggles mightily to free himself of the coils of facts and theory.

1. I reproduce standard data showing a) that immigration is not at record levels even in absolute terms, and b), more important, that the rate of immigration is *only about a quarter of what it was at the turn of the century*, considered as a proportion of the population. In response, Brimelow points to a single year—1990—when there was a huge jump in absolute numbers to 1.5 million. But the 1990 number was only a paper adjustment, the result of many illegal residents becoming legalized in that year through an amnesty. There were fewer than 700,000 actual immigrants in 1990.

2. Brimelow refers to my making a "crucial theoretical concession," when I speculate that at some levels of immigration—far, far above what the U.S. now experiences—it is conceivable that there would be new and unknown sorts of problems. This is like a physician telling a patient: "Your mild diet and five minutes of daily exercise are fine, but you could certainly benefit from more of both. Don't jump into a wild regime, though, exercising six hours a day and starving yourself. Just increase the levels gradually and monitor your progress." Similarly, a gradual increase in immigration is simple prudence, not a "theoretical concession."

3. Brimelow asks: "Is immigration really necessary to the economy?" I don't claim to show that it is "necessary"; we can live nicely without it. But the standard of living of natives will be higher if immigration increases. This is like asking whether a second car or toothpaste is "necessary." You can get along quite well without these things—but you can live even better with them.

4. Brimelow argues that immigration may be increas-

ing as a proportion of total U.S. population growth. So what? This is of interest only if racial composition interests you. It has no economic meaning, except perhaps to constitute an argument for immigration as a substitute for the children that natives are not having.

5. A last desperate maneuver for Brimelow is to say that "Simon's data are old." Only a journalist, whose business is "news," could think that human nature is different now from what it was a decade or two ago. Just for the record, Ather Akbari of St. Mary's University in Canada has, with Canadian 1981 and 1986 data, done the same analyses I did for U.S. immigrants concerning taxes from and transfers to immigrants; his results are practically the same as I reported for U.S. immigrants. And though George Borjas argues that immigrant "quality" has been declining—which other scholars dispute—nothing in his data conflicts with anything I report. He does not show that any group of immigrants, of any skill or education level, does not contribute more to the public coffers than it takes.

If you don't enjoy seeing foreign-looking faces on the street or subway—and Peter Brimelow says that this is so for him—neither economics nor demography proves you "wrong" or illogical. But you must accept that you and I pay a price for not allowing in more immigrants—a lower standard of living than otherwise, a bigger federal deficit, and poorer international competitiveness. And the facts cited above disprove the argument that keeping out non-Caucasian immigrants preserves those ways of public life that Americans consider "American."

Many of us care more about making the United States a "shining city on the hill" than about the origins of the people who help attain that goal. For those who care about the strengthening of American values of liberty, constitutionalism, and democracy so that they will spread throughout the world, the most effective step is to bring persons from the rest of the world here, so that their light can go back to where they came from, and make those places more like "us." ☐

George J. Borjas

PETER BRIMELOW's thoughtful construction of a new conservative approach to immigration is long overdue. I am pleased to see NATIONAL REVIEW use some of the facts reported in *Friends or Strangers* to buttress this new perspective. Only two years ago, the conservative reaction to my book was typified by William McGurn's review in *The American Spectator*. He panned the book because it supposedly ignored many of the gains from immigration, as exemplified by the benefits accruing to journalists who frequented an efficiently run Korean-owned deli in the National Press Building. That sort of benefit, he concluded, "doesn't show up in the statistics."

To many conservatives, Mr. Brimelow's encouragement of government regulation of the "immigration market" must seem odd. Nevertheless, a conservative position that encourages free trade and restricted immigration is not contradictory. Simply put, importing tomatoes is not the same thing as importing people.

Mr. Brimelow argues that conservatives should care about immigration policy because of its effect on the nation's ethnic makeup. Many Americans (including myself) find offensive the notion that the government should consider the spelling of a last name or the facial features of an applicant in awarding entry visas. But to ignore the "ethnic problem" at a time when long-dormant ethnic conflicts are being rekindled around the world is simply to bury one's head in the sand. Ethnicity matters, and it matters for a very long time.

David Harbaugh

"Mussels Marinara is the owner. Would you like to make another selection?"

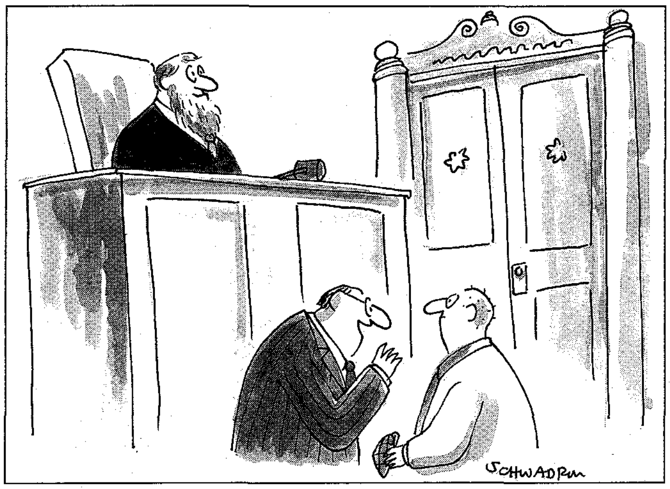
Even if one sets aside the long-term implications of ethnic diversity, the case for unregulated immigration collapses when the host country is a welfare state. The financial benefits received by U.S. welfare recipients greatly exceed the per-capita incomes of many source countries. Our income-redistribution policies, which tax the skilled and subsidize the less skilled, distort the incentives of potential migrants (the skilled want to stay behind, the unskilled want to come); reduce the work incentives of immigrants in the U.S.; and diminish the incentives of immigrants who fail in the U.S. to return home (why go back when the safety net here is cushier than opportunities elsewhere?).

My book documented that more recent immigrant waves are less skilled than earlier waves. Consequently, current immigration policy has an important fiscal impact. I've estimated that welfare expenditures on immigrants are $1 to $3 billion more per year than the immigrant contribution to the welfare system. Isn't it ironic that the liberal policies responsible for the welfare state dismantled the strong economic argument for providing millions of people the opportunity to try out the American dream?

Mr. Borjas, a professor of economics at the University of California at San Diego, is the author of Friends or Strangers.

Mr. Brimelow's discussion also stresses that not all immigrants contribute equally to the U.S. economy. Some are extremely productive and generate many beneficial externalities. Others are less productive, and Americans do not benefit as much from their presence. There *are* great benefits to be gained by admitting those who can contribute most. Canada and Australia have realized this and often sell visas to those who have the most to offer.

Finally, there is a strong link between the skills of immigrant parents and the skills of second-generation ethnic groups. This link arises not only because highly skilled parents invest more in their children, but also because of the beneficial externalities accruing to children raised in more advantaged ethnic environments. Current immigration policy alters the skill endowment of the U.S. labor force not only in this generation, but also in our children's and grandchildren's. As a result, the large-scale importation of unskilled workers since 1965 has already had a huge influence on the productivity of the U.S. workforce in the next century. □



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"Consider yourself lucky—Judge Hemingway is best known for his short, snappy sentences."

Ben J. Wattenberg

I AM, OF COURSE, pleased to have Peter Brimelow certify that my "romantic vision" of America as "The First Universal Nation" has actually "entranced quite a few conservatives." I live for that. I am also pleased that Brimelow has pried loose my secret: I do not favor "unlimited immigration," but only "designer immigration."

Thus unmasked, I have a deal for Brimelow: I'll solve his big problem, if he solves mine. And we'll do it with "designer immigration."

His problem is that he thinks America is de-Europeanizing. At slower rates than he suggests, that is indeed happening. I think non-Hispanic European-descended Americans will still probably be in a majority by the year 2080, but the proportion is shrinking.

He thinks that de-Europeanizing will harm America. I think we are the first universal nation, that the melting pot is working, and that we are creating—through immigration and intermarriage—a new folk that will be the model for mankind.

My problem concerns America's role in the world of the twenty-first-century. Without immigration, and with our very low fertility rates—below the "replacement" level for the last twenty years—America would stop growing; indeed, would actually start shrinking. This at a time when global population will be growing substantially, possibly more than doubling.

A large and growing country is not necessarily a great and globally influential country—look at China and India. But it is unlikely that a small country, or a shrinking country (absolutely or relatively), will be a great and influential one in this day and age. (Rest assured, the twenty-first century will not be known as The Dutch Century, or even The English Century.) Because I believe that a great and influential America has much to offer the world, and because it is good for America, I want America to grow, albeit at a moderate rate. (That was the theme of an earlier book of mine, *The Birth Dearth.*)

As fate would have it, there is now a way to satisfy both Brimelow and me.

Flash! The cold war is over. The former Communist nations are struggling desperately to enter the modern world. A civil war is raging in the Balkans. Smaller conflicts are savaging areas of the former Soviet Union. And the people involved in these horrific situations are—Europeans!

Not only are they Europeans, but they are formerly-behind-the-Iron-Curtain Europeans, folks who, for many decades, were not allowed by their totalitarian masters to emigrate. American policy during that time was to say, "If you can get out, we'll take you in." When the walls came down, however, we said, "Too bad. Now that you're not oppressed by Communism, you have to wait your turn. The line is long, the slots are few—go somewhere else."

Nice policy: "If you can't get out, come in; if you can get out, don't come in."

Suppose we now adopted a more moral immigration policy, and said that former Iron Curtain detainees didn't get a fair opportunity to emigrate during all those dark years. And that we would now like to offer a stated number of "Liberty Visas" to those people—say, 300,000 per year for the next ten years, about 40 per cent of our current legal immigration. And that we would do that without cutting back on any existing legal immigration streams, from Asia, the Hispanic nations, the Moslem nations, or Western Europe. (Like Brimelow, I think we ought to get tougher on illegal immigration—for lots of reasons, particularly because we won't be able to keep a consensus on legal immigration unless we do.)

Mr. Wattenberg is a Senior Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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PATRICK BUCHANAN

GOP forfeited its opportunity

TOPIC INDEX

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Three million additional Europeans in a decade, and their descendants, would change the rate of de-Europeanization—Brimelow's bogeyman. Those three million new immigrants would be subject to the same "designer" criteria that are now in place—which include skills and education. We would do well to add English-language proficiency.

Additional moderate demographic growth, via immigration, is good for America for a variety of reasons, including deficit reduction—to aid native-born young workers in paying off fixed costs like defense, debt, and, for several generations, Social Security.

In these recessionary times it is particularly useful. For example: we have this real-estate problem. It is said that the root of it is that America "overbuilt" in the Eighties. There is a synonym for "overbuilt." It is "underpopulated." ☐

Dan Stein

IN THOSE heady days of the collapse of Communism, Francis Fukuyama declared "the end of history." Now, three years into what would have to be described as "post-history"—as we witness parts of Europe unravel, tensions in the Middle East escalate, and Africa sink deeper into destitution—there is good reason to believe that Mr. Fukuyama jumped the gun. As Winston Churchill might have cautioned, 1989 was not the end of history, or even the beginning of the end. It was, at best, the end of the beginning.

"Post-history" presents us with a whole new set of challenges. More and more, people across the political spectrum are recognizing human migration as one of those thorny issues that stand between us and post-historical bliss. Waves of desperate migrants seeking relief from hunger, poverty, or tribal warfare may prove to be a more formidable challenge to the West than Soviet missiles or tanks. We knew how to deter the Soviets, but how do you dissuade people who have nothing to lose from attempting to migrate?

Among the seminal pieces that have appeared on this emerging issue is Peter Brimelow's article. In fact, Brimelow is so far ahead in his understanding of where this issue is going that the magazine's editors got left behind. The magazine's cover asks, "Tired? Poor? Huddled? Tempest-Tossed? Try Australia." Don't bother. Almost simultaneous with the article's publication, Australia cut its immigration rate in half.

What Australia, Canada, and most of Western Europe have grasped is that, when it comes to dealing with migration, their very nationhood is at stake. Australia has come to recognize that in a world where billions of people would like to migrate, their nation of 17 million would soon cease to exist in all but the geographical sense without severe curbs on immigration. As Brimelow astutely points out, a nation is more than a collection of people who happen to live in close geographic proximity (see Yugoslavia), and nations do not have an unlimited capacity to absorb immigrants without irrevocably altering their own character.

In the United States, however, the ideological Left has never met a Third World culture it doesn't feel we have to accommodate, while the gung-ho free-marketeers of the ideological Right have never met a cheap worker they wouldn't want to exploit. The Left cannot bring itself to admit that our culture, for all its faults, is what has made this country a desirable place to live and is therefore worth preserving. The libertarians cannot seem to understand that free-market capitalism does not include selling your birthright.

However premature some were in declaring the end of history, it is clear that the world is entering a new phase. In a world of 5.5 billion people, which is growing by a billion a decade, either large-scale international migration will be history, or countries that attempt to absorb the immigrants will be.

Brimelow has stepped forward to declare that he is willing to make that choice. It may be the most important post-history choice we, as a nation, will make. ☐

Mr. Stein is executive director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform.

Robert L. Bartley

I FEEL UNIQUELY qualified to comment on Peter Brimelow's call for more restrictive immigration policies, since at one point in his career I was instrumental in getting him permission to immigrate. I have decided that if I ever help bring anyone here from Canada again, part of the bargain will be that he go down to the Rio Grande and *look*.

This border barrier is routinely forded by cows and pigs. The guards on the American side of the border are indistinguishable from Mexicans. The immigration authorities once built a ditch and a fence in downtown El Paso; it's known as the Tortilla Curtain. For those not inclined to leave Manhattan, just read "Month on the Border" in P. J. O'Rourke's *Holidays in Hell.*

I would have thought that in a 16-page discussion of the pros and cons of immigration, there might have been room for a few words on precisely how we are to regain the "control of our borders" that we supposedly have "lost." Are we talking here about a 2,000-mile Berlin Wall with free-fire fields and land mines? Or is this lengthy discussion merely, in the worst sense of the word, academic? There is only one practical way to end illegal immigration, which is making it legal.

This is not so farfetched an idea as Mr. Brimelow and his like believe. He celebrates the "lull" in immigration from 1924 to 1965. Back in the 1930s, he tells us, "there was virtually no illegal immigration." Under the new

Mr. Bartley is editor of the Wall Street Journal.

law, Mr. Brimelow complains, 44 per cent of legal immigrants come from Latin America and 20 per cent from Mexico alone. The suggestion is that we should go back to the halcyon days before 1965.

But before 1965, immigration from Mexico and the rest of Latin America was *unlimited*. The system of "national origin" quotas did not apply to the Western Hemisphere, except for Jamaica and Trinidad and Tobago. Immigrants did have to meet criteria about literacy (in any language), health, and the likelihood of becoming a public charge, but there were no limitations on their numbers.

There were still those, of course, who forded the Rio Grande without bothering to apply. Apprehensions of undocumented aliens rose after World War II, only to plummet with the *Bracero* program of temporary Mexican workers, then to soar again as that program ended. Immigration was indeed less of a problem before 1965. But not, as Mr. Brimelow and others seem to think, because laws were stricter then. Rather precisely because on the southern border they were more generous.

Today's world of instant communication and cheap transportation of course means more immigration, just as the law of gravity means apples fall. These pressures dictate immigration patterns that closed, or open, borders affect only marginally, especially in a vast and diverse nation like the United States. The vaunted solution of employer sanctions has not stemmed the flow, nor will any measures the American conscience will allow. The alternative is to learn to like it, which is why the *Wall Street Journal* proclaims the ideal of open borders.

But of course, the new "conservative" movement (or at least mini-movement) that bobs in the wake of the failed Buchanan candidacy is not in any practical sense about stopping immigration. It is about not liking it. Or liking, for that matter, change, diversity, or modernity. This kind of conservatism is not going to be politically viable in this country. It may have intellectual virtues that appeal to some, but at the expense of copping out of the age in which we live.

Pro-immigration conservatives are innocent of "little things like tradition and history," Mr. Brimelow says. Yet he's honest enough to concede, "The American experience with immigration has been a triumphant success." Precisely. Despite the short-run problems, in the long run immigration is good for us. That is the lesson of our tradition and our history. □

Peter Brimelow

FOR NEW READERS: *My June 22 article demonstrated that U.S. immigration policy since the 1965 reforms has been a grand accident. The resulting influx has been vastly larger, more unskilled, and more overwhelmingly Third World than was ever envisioned. There is no positive economic rationale for this influx—essentially because labor is far less important than innovation as a factor of production. But if continued it must have radical political consequences, displacing and dissolving the American nation as it had evolved by 1965.*
NOW READ ON.

JULIAN SIMON graciously deigns to take my "word" that I am not a racist. But I did not give it. Since the modern definition of "racist" is "someone who is winning an argument with a liberal" (or, too often, with a libertarian), I could hardly do so.

Nor do I feel obliged to bother with this smear now. As I pointed out in my article, Professor Simon has the issue exactly backward: the onus is on those who favor the major change in the ethnic balance entailed by current immigration levels to explain exactly what they have against the American nation as it had evolved by 1965 (90 per cent white, primarily from Italy, Germany, Ireland, and Britain). While they're at it, they can explain just what makes them think that multi-racial societies work.

Professor Simon claims to be aware of the recent evidence of low and deteriorating skills among the post-1965 immigrant influx. But readers who study Professor Borjas's contribution here can see that Professor Simon has still not grasped the argument, irrelevant references to Canada notwithstanding. By contrast, the unimpeachably free-market Gary Becker wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*, on the very day his Nobel Prize for economics was announced last fall, that contemporary America's massive transfer payments made open immigration impractical.

Professor Simon does not respond at all to other points: for example, that American immigration history has been marked by pauses, allowing digestion; or that the current influx is reducing the income levels of unskilled Americans, notably underclass blacks. He does assert a "general theory" that "immigrants have had so little noticeable effect upon American life patterns" because their numbers have been so low. But I showed that immigration *has* had consequences, which I traced, and that current numbers *are* high—relative to American birth-rates, the key index of demographic impact.

Professor Simon does, however, make what I regard as (another) crucial concession: *"I don't claim to show that immigration is necessary: we can live nicely without it."* (He still says that immigration means a higher "standard of living," but presumably this is gross, not per capita.) This is a consensus among economists that haggling over technical issues has obscured. If the current immigration is not necessary economically, it must be justified politically. Again, however, the onus is on Professor Simon to make this case.

Perhaps we should sort this out over dinner (at NATIONAL REVIEW's expense). I will bring along my copy of Professor Simon's *The Economic Consequences of Immigration*, so that if he wishes he can amend the kind inscription he was good enough to place there.

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor at Forbes.

(I would still like to know why it omits all mention of Japan, which has done just fine since World War II with virtually no immigration at all.)

I am happy to forgive Ben Wattenberg his teasing tone. I take it to be camouflage for what, in the present political climate, is a fairly courageous proposal: that the U.S. should assert control over the immigration influx and shift its ethnic composition back toward Europeans. Admittedly only moderately—but he also quietly slips in a general "designer immigration" English-proficiency requirement. Wow!

It would be nice to think Mr. Wattenberg knew something not vouchsafed to the rest of us when he announced he was voting for Bill Clinton. But I don't think so. I suspect a Clinton Administration just makes it more certain that any such rebalancing would be blocked by the ethnic lobbies. Which is why I believe that the only practicable strategy may be that proposed by the Federation for American Immigration Reform: an outright immigration moratorium.

Mr. Wattenberg refers to "Brimelow's bogeyman"—the "de-Europeanization" of America. This was a common misreading of my article. I do think Americans are perfectly entitled to be concerned about de-Europeanization. But I also think that massive unskilled immigration is a problem regardless of race. (In 1986, for example, 36 per cent of male immigrants had less than 12 years' education, *v.* 15 per cent of native-born Americans.) Just as economic growth is caused by ideas, not raw labor, so U.S. pre-eminence in the world is based on the quality, not the quantity, of its population. Unskilled immigration can't help much. And, by causing economic distortion and social stress, it may actually hurt.

This brings me to a more fundamental disagreement with Mr. Wattenberg. He thinks the U.S. population must keep growing. I think a stable population is just fine, so long as its skills keep improving. The very facts Mr. Wattenberg cites mutiny against his thesis. India and China are not more important than the United States. And anyway, with the collapse of the Soviet Union, the United States is now the third most populous country in the world. Is an obsession with population growth Wattenberg's will-o'-the-wisp?

Bob Bartley is quite right that he was instrumental in helping me get back into the U.S. after a sojourn in Canada. I remain deeply grateful. Under the circumstances, it is nice of him to require me to go no further south than the Rio Grande! On the other hand, perhaps the experience might convince him that immigration has consequences. And they aren't always welcome.

Mr. Bartley is also quite right that the 1924 Act's national-origin quotas did not apply to the Western Hemisphere. *But nobody came anyway*. In the 1931–40 decade, for example, there were only 22,319 immigrants from Mexico, and only 160,000 from all of the Americas. There were only 299,811 and 998,944 respectively in 1951–60. The Western Hemisphere participated fully in the forty-year Great Immigration Lull.

The reasons were partly the Depression and World War II, partly the absence of an immigrant pipeline—and partly those other "criteria" for immigration to which Mr. Bartley fleetingly refers. These usually meant that Western Hemisphere immigrants had to have a job offer. Thus, as a practical matter, U.S. policy was simply not as "generous" as it is today, when legal immigration is a sort of entitlement based on "family reunification." There was certainly in no sense of the term an "open border."

Which, of course, was why the *Bracero* guest-worker program was eventually invented. And why, since breaking immigration law was cause for exclusion from the program, it moved workers in and out of the country with such comparative smoothness. It is most interesting that immigration enthusiasts who invoke alleged labor shortages never suggest reviving this perfectly rational option.

I am surprised that Mr. Bartley is surprised that I didn't bother to discuss the mechanics of policing the border. After all, this can hardly be much of a trick for a country that put a man on the moon. Still, if Mr. Bartley cares to look into the question further, he will find that, because of terrain, illegal crossings can only occur at a relatively small number of choke-points. FAIR estimates they constitute about 250 out of 2,000 miles. And apart from choking off the supply of illegal immigrants, much more could be done on the demand side by regulating those already here. What's lacking is not the way. It is the will.

As for Mr. Bartley's idea that open borders are desirable and inevitable, I strongly recommend that he consult more carefully Professor Simon's *The Economic Consequences of Immigration*. In a curiously unnoticed passage—which Professor Simon now apparently wishes to gloss over—this dismisses free immigration a) because no one knows how many people would come (and the Third World demographic overhang is, as Dan Stein notes, enormous); and b) because of "negative human capital externalities"—the phenomenon where large numbers of low-skilled immigrants overwhelm the effectiveness of the high-skilled natives. Sounds like Manhattan (or Southern California) to me.

Mr. Bartley, sir, meet Professor Simon. Professor Simon, meet Mr. Bartley. Go sort it out. And may the most diverse, modern, etc. person (see below) win.

But why are we talking about illegal immigration anyway? It is still only a fraction of the legal influx. Mr. Bartley's emotional peroration about "change, diversity, and modernity" is all very well, although better done any day in the *New York Times*. But even here the question is: Why this change and not that change? Why (illegal) Hispanics and not (legal) Koreans? Why Koreans and not Chinese? Why Chinese and not Europeans? Why one million immigrants and not ten million?

Each of these issues is determined by public policy, currently via default. All should therefore be submitted to the American people. Even if the political elite—Left, Right, and Neo—doesn't want them to ask: Why any immigrants at all?

Many thanks to Dan Stein and George Borjas. ☐

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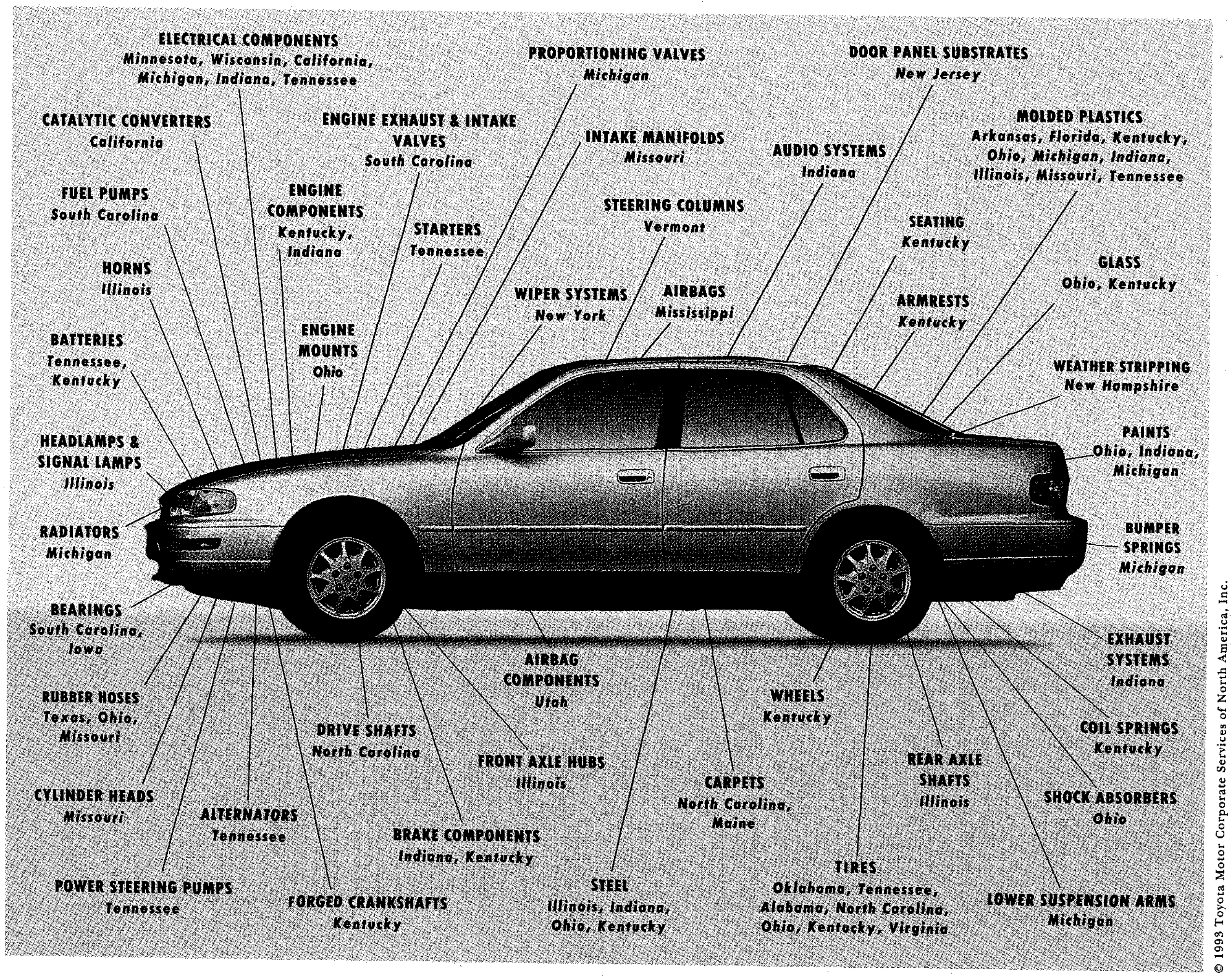
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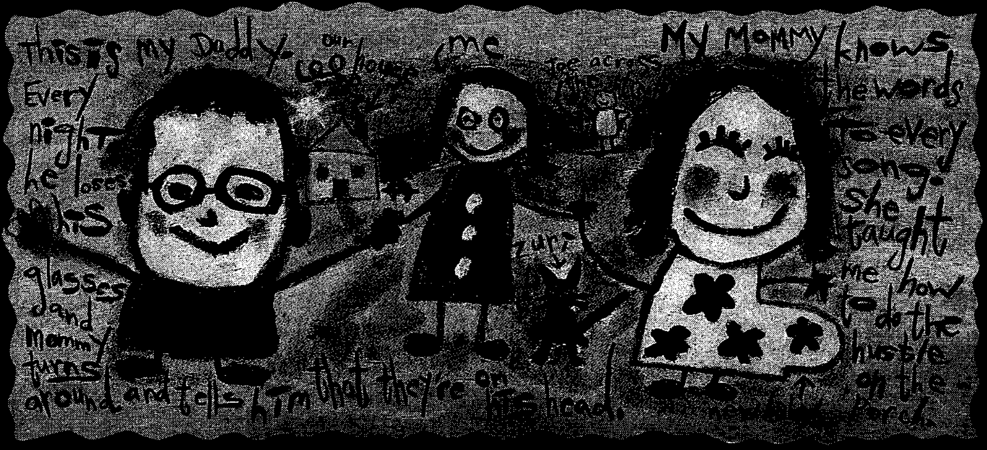
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Looking like America

THE NEW DEMOCRATS COME TO TOWN

Here they come (actually, they never left). And it should be an exciting four years, as we watch Bill Clinton trying to keep up with the diversity of his appointees—starting with his First Appointee.

JOSEPH SOBRAN

DAYS BEFORE the inauguration, nobody knows quite what to expect from Bill Clinton's Administration. It still hasn't made some key appointments, and the President-elect himself seems undecided about many things. But the uncertainties fall within a limited range: everyone knows what *not* to expect.

Bill Clinton is very much the New South, a South that has cast aside its old culture of honor and magnolias, Robert E. Lee and the Tenth Amendment, and has become only too well integrated into the rest of the country. Clinton makes even Jimmy Carter seem a figure of antiquity.

He's a New Democrat—the very model, the latest thing, the new paradigm of the post-socialist, post-ideological, post–Carter–McGovern–Dukakis–Kennedy, post–Reagan–Bush, even post-neoliberal Democrat. He doesn't believe that government is the answer to everything or that American military intervention is always wrong. He has faith in our society and he doesn't Blame America First. Optimistic without being utopian, he tempers compassion with realism. He reads *The New Republic*, not *The Nation*. A bear for detail, he has more 12-step programs than Stuart Smalley. And he's a world-class networker: living in darkest Arkansas, he has managed to become a close personal friend of everyone—even Old Democrats—in Washington.

And he has a very much up-to-date Yankee feminist wife, who participates with him, as an equal of course, in what is known as "the decision-making process." (This well-worn phrase will see active service in the new regime. Announcing that the Clintons had chosen a posh private school for Chelsea, George Stephanopoulos added that "Chelsea was deeply involved in the decision-making process." Just like Mom!) The knowledge that he, not she, was elected to the Presidency doesn't inhibit her, for reasons we will go into.

Definition Time

YES, BUT just what *is* a New Democrat? Well, it's . . . it's not easy to explain. It's roughly the counterpart of a kinder, gentler Republican, only much more exciting. A Democrat who takes deep pride in his (or her) party's heritage. And who knows that our diversity is a strength, not a weakness. But who is also determined to avoid the mistakes of the past. And to seek new policies, new approaches, to the unprecedented problems that we. As a nation. Face.

Despite Bill's ritual acknowledgment that government doesn't have all the answers, we can probably rule out any attempt by the Clintons to limit the size and scope of government. That's not even an option for them. They regard it as an eccentricity of "ideologues" like Ronald Reagan and his crew, which isn't too surprising, since George Bush took the same view.

For the *Washington Post*, the great Beltway bulletin board, ideologues and pragmatists are categories at least as fundamental as the two sexes. The Clintons? Pragmatists, of course—it being understood that the agenda of the cultural Left is a given for them. During the campaign they may have twittered a lot about "change," but what they want to change isn't the government: it's everything the government hasn't already changed.

They speak volubly of "changing people's lives." So, to be sure, did Lenin, but for Lenin the question of power was who does what to whom. For the Clintons it's who does what *for* whom. And they mean to do things *for* everyone, without (by implication) doing anything *to* anyone. How? The question seems not to have occurred to them. For the moment they just radiate generalized benignity. Y'all come, now!

Mrs. Clinton recently told *Time* she wants "people [to] feel they are in touch. The most important part of all this is results. What are the outcomes of all this effort? What is happening that is changing peoples lives? We've talked a lot about how you create a culture within the government, along

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Mr. Sobran is NR's *critic-at-large.*

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— ***President Ronald Reagan***

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the lines of what many companies have tried to do as they restructured, trying not only to build teams but to create a shared vision and to have a sense of direction that is keyed to the outcome you are trying to achieve. It sounds corny, but we'd love it if the people in the government in the Clinton–Gore Administration go to work every day and say to themselves on the way to work, 'What am I going to do today that will help Americans?' and at the end of the day they'd say to themselves, 'What have I done today to make anyone's life get better?' Those kinds of questions are markers that will help to create a culture within the government . . ."

Not exactly hard data, but revealing, in its own way. A culture within the government. Changing people's lives. We're a long way from *The Federalist*, folks.

In another interview, she offered a similar meditation on the new, evolving status of women: "What we are going through is generational and social and global, and a large part of it has to do with the role and responsibilities of women. Many of the questions that are raised by the changes that have occurred are being dealt with day in and day out in people's individual private lives and in the political and professional work world as well. But there isn't yet any clear consensus about how we are defining ourselves, the changing roles between men and women. Many, many people have had to think about issues in different ways than maybe they ever had before."

Generational. Global. Social. Defining ourselves. Changing roles. Such is the Clintons' pillow-talk. Sort of New Age minus astrology—secularized New Age, so to speak.

You'd obviously be wasting your time asking people like this what they think the purpose of government is. They can hardly think of anything that *isn't* the purpose of government. It puts men (and women) in outer space. It puts condoms on kids. It . . . well, it changes people's lives! Why not? (And don't forget, Al Gore wants it to save the earth into the bargain.)

Here we have a conception of government so diffuse as to stagger not only Thomas Jefferson, but even

The Sad Story of Zoe Rastus-Canard

YOU OWN a large public-relations firm in Washington, D.C., and expect to be doing business with Clintonites and Clintonettes, high-powered lobbyists, and Harry and Linda Bloodworth–Thomason. A vacancy has arisen and you advertise to fill a deputy-counselor-for-corporate-public-affairs slot. You receive a flood of applications and now are seeking "political" guidance in filling the post.

A knowledgeable affirmative-action consultant, who understandably insists on anonymity, offered the following advice. "Basically, when we're looking at single categories," he said, "Hispanic trumps Asian, Native American these days trumps African-American, and female trumps Native American." Add sexual orientation, our man added, and the picture can get much more complicated. A gay Hispanic man—provided he has the right pedigree and has not opportunistically adopted a Hispanic surname—outranks a common or garden black. Interviewers should remain alert to the nuances of status. "A Cherokee with a pigtail, an earring, *and* an expensive suit is obviously sending off danger signals and it might be advisable to hire him," the expert warned.

However, an overabundance of "hiring points" is not always helpful. Some job applicants turn out to be dangerously overqualified, as our man illustrated with the sad story of Zoë Rastus-Canard. A hearing-impaired, African-American lesbian lawyer in a wheelchair, Zoë recently applied for a job at the Washington office of a large, internationally known corporation. Accompanying her was another woman called Barbara Ripulski, whom Zoë introduced as her "signer and lover." Having been ushered respectfully into the interviewer's room on K Street, Barbara meanwhile "translating" for Zoë with sign language, Miss Rastus-Canard immediately complained that the hallway down which she had maneuvered her wheelchair was too narrow, perhaps illegally so. She added that she was a "person with AIDS." And so it went. Here was every corporation's nightmare.

In the course of the interview, Miss Rastus-Canard let it be known that, if hired, she would expect the corporation also to hire Miss Ripulski as her sign-language translator, "in accordance with the provisions of the Americans with Disabilities Act." The corporation immediately realized that it was in a bind. Hire Zoë alone, and she would report the matter to the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division. Hire her and the repulsive Ripulski, and the company would incur the cost of two new employees. Fail to hire Zoë at all and she would be sure to file a complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Welcome to Washington, D.C., 1993.

The affirmative-action consultant asked us how we would respond in this situation. After some thought we concluded: "Turn Zoë away and hope she goes quietly."

"That's not what happened," our man said. The corporation caved completely, or so it seemed, and hired both Zoë and her signer. Within two weeks, however, both had met with a terrible accident. An unprecedented elevator malfunction occurred. When the elevator door opened, neither Zoë nor her companion noticed the yawning hole that faced them, and both plunged (with wheelchair) 12 floors to their deaths—an "indescribable tragedy," as the consultant told us. Reports in the local *City Paper* that the women had been pushed into the shaft are "utterly unproven," he added. Still, it's surprising that the *Washington Post*'s Investigative Division has not yet followed up.

"So how did the corporation end up filling its vacancy?" we inquired.

"Next time they didn't advertise," our friend told us. "They hired one of the boss's friends. That is becoming increasingly common, I'm afraid."

—TOM BETHELL

Mr. Bethell, an NR *contributing editor, is the Washington correspondent for* The American Spectator.

Franklin Roosevelt, whose Administration ripped the lid off all constraints on the Federal Government, little imagining what would follow. Once FDR's Supreme Court declared the Tenth Amendment a mere "truism," it was just a matter of time until Uncle Sam got into gay rights.

Wonking Along

THE WORD "wonk" is used so freely in Washington these days that it sounds as if the nation's geese have convened here. But the policy wonk is the natural result of the unrestricted view of government.

Nobody ever called Ronald Reagan a policy wonk. To think it is to snicker. He had an attitude, a philosophy of sorts, and it wasn't hospitable to new, or extraneous old, government enterprises. For those who lack such a constraining philosophy, everything becomes a matter of details. Get used to it. We face four years of small ideas, appropriately proportioned to the myriad minor interventions of totalist pragmatism, bent on cutting the deficit while changing people's lives.

Clinton (Bill, that is) recently griped about the "bean counters" who gripe that he hasn't appointed enough women and minorities. But bean-counting and "quota games" are what the Democratic Party is all about. It's the New Democrats' version of divvying the swag. What does he think his party is imposing on the rest of us but government-driven bean-counting, alias "civil rights"? And during the campaign he asked for this when he said, "I wouldn't restrain myself to just half the Cabinet being women. I might want more." He didn't call it bean-counting then!

One of his chief beans, Donna Shalala, was no sooner named to head Health and Human Services than a gay group "outed" her as a lesbian. She replied tactfully, not wishing to insult by sounding insulted, that she hasn't "lived an alternative lifestyle."

It all goes to show that Clinton won't get gratitude from the cultural Left he had to woo to get the Democratic nomination. If he's not careful, he'll get rolled. The party's interest groups have waited a long time for their monopoly on power, they see Clinton as beholden to them, and they expect to be paid off.

One of the big mysteries of the day is "Clinton's economic plan." How is he going to pay the bills, given his contradictory commitments? Even Reagan didn't try to abolish the welfare state, to the disappointment of conservatives and libertarians.

The fact is that the U.S. has not one economy, but two: the real, productive, and half-free economy, and the tax economy that is parasitic on it. The Republican base is in the economy that produces wealth (and taxes), the Democrats' in the tax-consuming economy. The supply-side approach of cutting taxes was an attempted compromise between the two economies, favoring "the rich" to provide more revenues for "the poor."

Clinton will have to perform a similar juggling act, since he knows, as an unpopular victor, that there is →

Hazardous to Your Political Health

WHEN THE Democrats come to Washington, they will encounter . . . Democrats. These are likely to prove more dangerous to President Clinton's political health than the GOP, Peter Ferrara points out. A leading conservative policy-analyst, Mr. Ferrara was associate deputy attorney general under William P. Barr, and before that worked in the Reagan White House. He predicts that the incoming budget director, Leon Panetta, and his assistant, Alice Rivlin, are so dedicated to the Beltway's conventional wisdom about "deficit reduction," meaning tax increases, that they will end up greatly complicating the life of the man who appointed them.

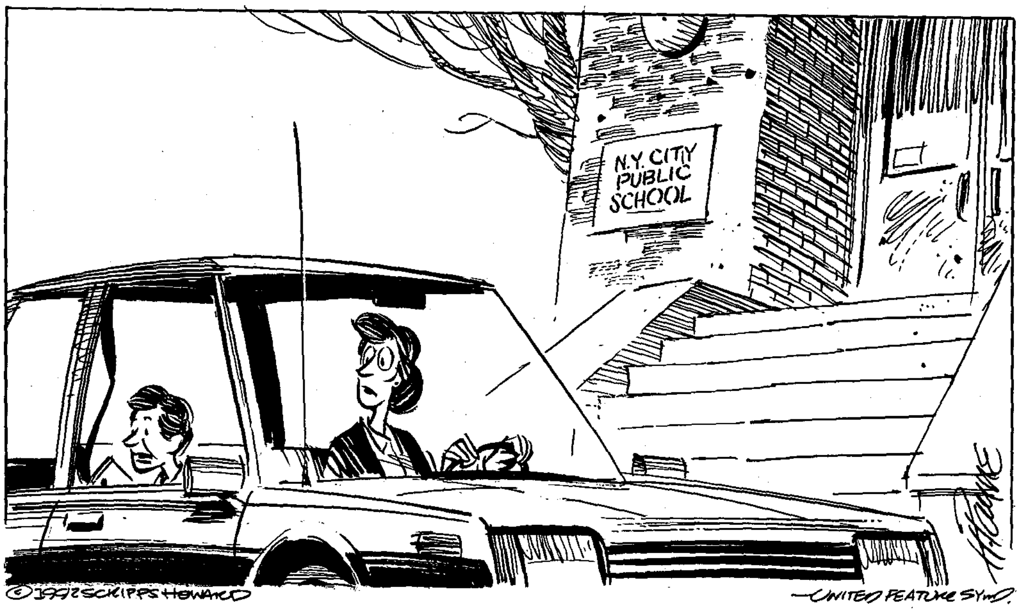
When Jimmy Carter came to Washington, 16 years ago, he showed signs of recognizing that Middle America and the Beltway Culture do not share the same goals. The latter seek to organize the lives of the former. A sizable majority of the former, on the other hand, would rather be left alone. In seeking to represent himself as the Outsider from Plains, Carter showed that he instinctively recognized the political unpopularity of the governing classes in Washington and the threat they pose to those who seek elected office. In the event, of course, Carter deferred to and was soon enough steered into trouble by those he had instinctively distrusted.

Since the election, Clinton has been loudly applauded within the Beltway because he has declined the Outsider gambit. He has refused to acknowledge that the arena he is entering is hazardous to political ambitions. How wise of Mr. Clinton, everyone is saying smugly, not to go out of his way to antagonize us with name-calling and epithets! Unlike Jimmy Carter, he will get off on the right foot. Clinton has already paid court to the First Lady of N Street, Pamela Harriman, and to the sainted "children's advocate," Marian Wright Edelman.

Those who wish to concentrate power and more of the nation's wealth in the capital are amply represented in Clinton's Cabinet. But if he thinks he can bring them into his entourage and then deny them when policy is formulated he is likely to be mistaken. "I can't imagine how they're going to come up with a budget that doesn't have a major tax increase," Peter Ferrara said of Mr. Panetta and Mrs. Rivlin. "They talk so much about the deficit, the two of them, and Rivlin is just going to reinforce all of Panetta's instincts."

Mr. Ferrara believes that what is coming is a "sneaky" tax increase on the middle class: elimination of the indexing of income-tax rates. Democrats will then deny that this is a tax increase, calling it instead a "change in the system that is depriving the government of revenues." But the Republicans will oppose it en bloc, and by the summer there will be a "pitched battle" in Congress over Clinton's tax increase. Eventually, Mr. Ferrara feels, enough Democrats will join the Republicans to defeat the measure. Halfway through his first year, Clinton will have been as damaged by his Budget Office as George Bush was by his. "He's in a box," Mr. Ferrara said of the President-elect. "There's no easy way out of it." —TOM BETHELL

help!!!!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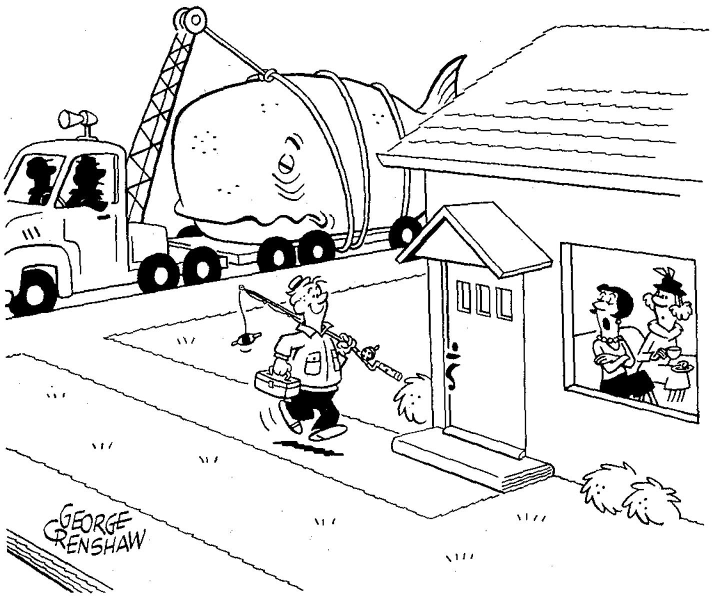
"GAY TEXTBOOKS, CHECK ... CONDOMS, CHECK ... BULLETPROOF VEST, CHECK ... OKAY, MOM, COVER ME – I'M GONNA MAKE A DASH FOR THE ENTRANCE."

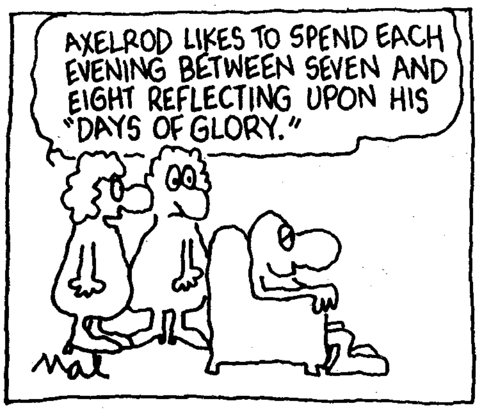
Glorobots

A young robot won from afar
A beauty remote as a star,
By telling her of
So boundless a love
It would not fold, spindle, or mar.

GLORIA A. MAXSON


GEORGE RENSHAW

"HERE HE COMES WITH ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FISH STORIES."


AXELROD LIKES TO SPEND EACH EVENING BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT REFLECTING UPON HIS "DAYS OF GLORY."
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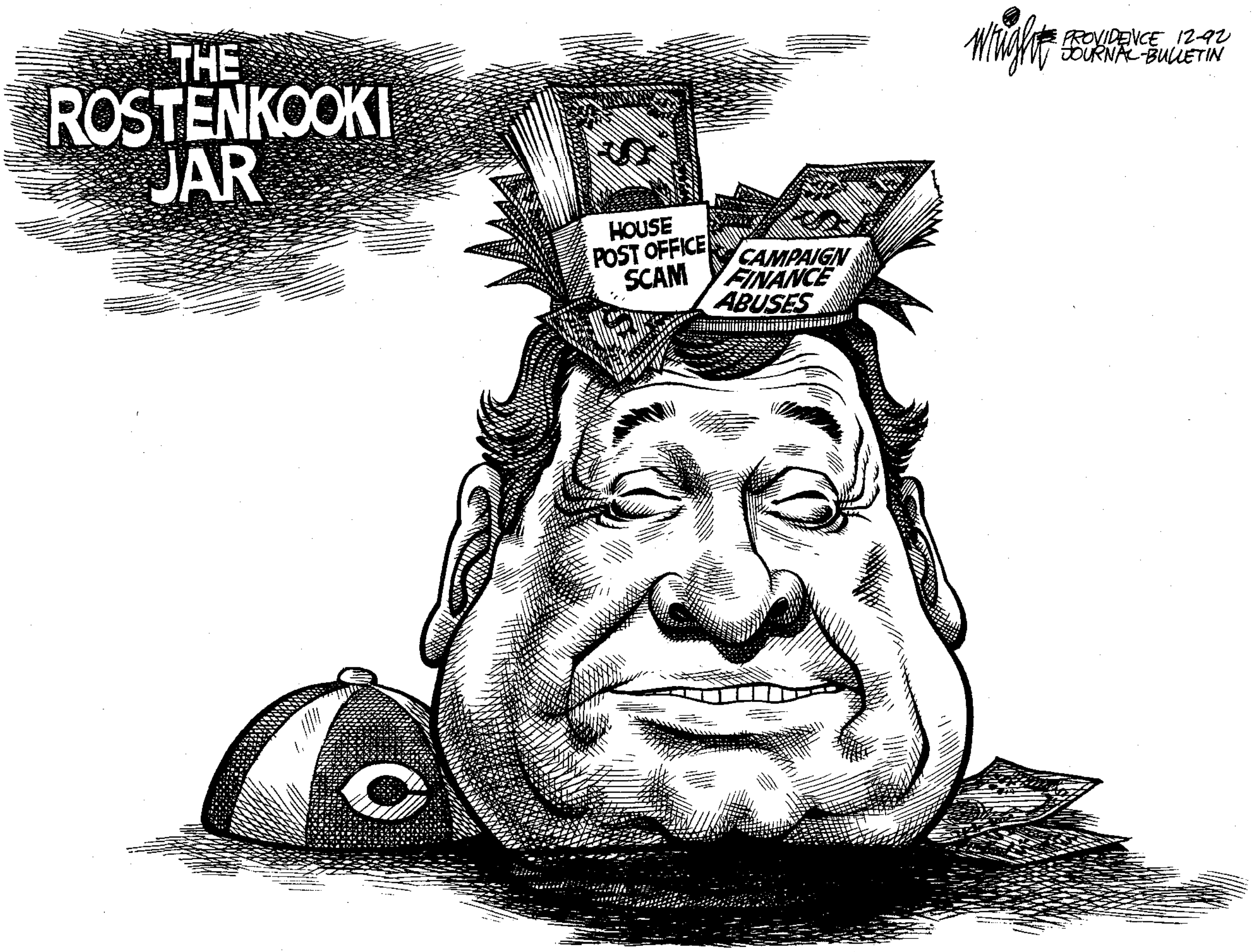
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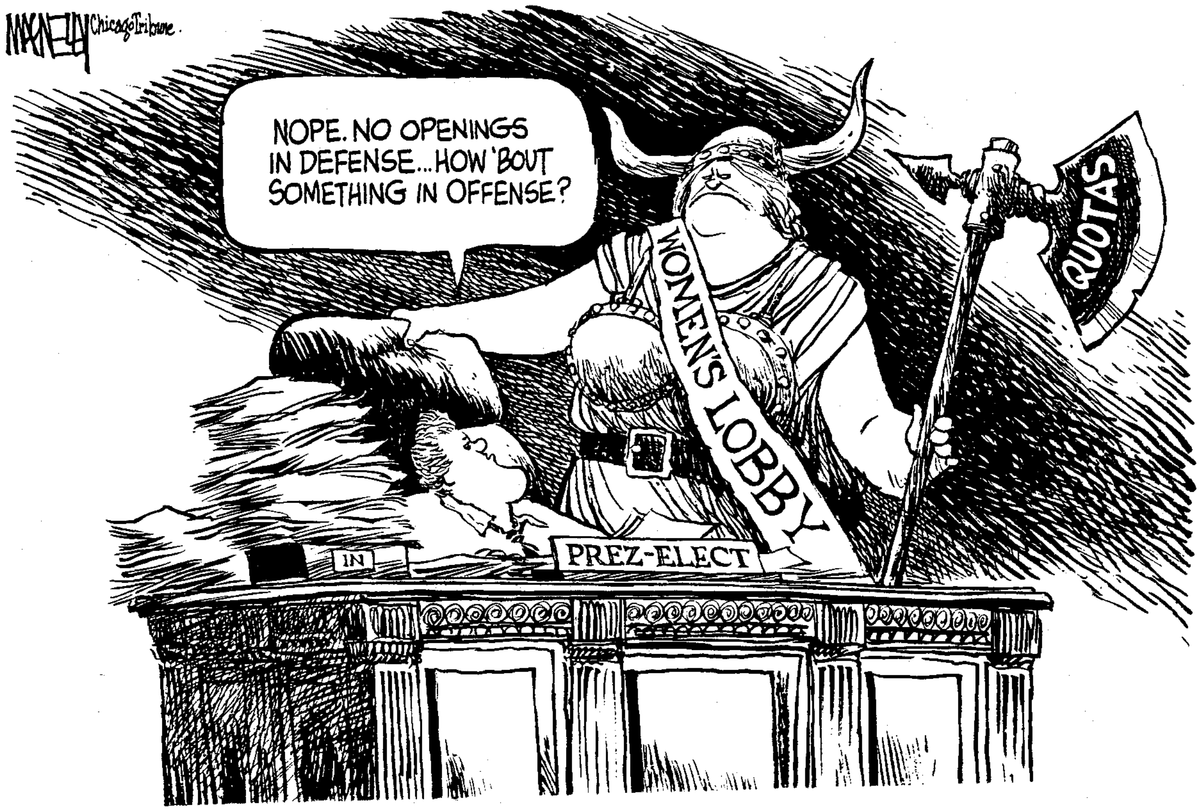
MacNELLY Chicago Tribune
NOPE. NO OPENINGS IN DEFENSE...HOW 'BOUT SOMETHING IN OFFENSE?
WOMEN'S LOBBY
QUOTAS
IN
PREZ-ELECT

→ more demand among the voters for economic growth than for more entitlements. Yet he has to protect his base, the millions of Americans who demand tax money. So many squeaky wheels, so little grease!

Clinton has nodded along with all the Beltway chat about the Huge Federal Deficit, on the assumption that a tax increase is necessary. But he seems to realize that raising taxes would be unpopular, and maybe just dumb economics. Who knows? All that is clear is that he rules out nothing in principle, since he has no known principles. That's Hillary's department. He's not a Bolshevik, he's a juggler.

He'd better juggle well. He'll be presiding over an unpopular party that has its monopoly on power without being unified, except in the broad sense that it's composed of an ambitious governing class who feel themselves indispensable to the country. Some of them *are* ideologues, mostly greedy and self-serving ideologues—victim groups. Some are pragmatists of a sort who can live with the ideologues, but think of governing as essentially a set of technical specialties, beyond the layman's ken. Neither type is very much "in touch" with ordinary people.

The New Democrats don't think of government as just one institution among many, with a certain definable (and therefore limited) set of functions. They think of it, as Hillary Clinton's words imply, as a *dimension of life*—of every aspect of "people's lives." Nothing is outside its purview and competence. It's there to promote every kind of felicity, to relieve every discontent. The common denominator of its functions defies analysis, except that, as Lenin might notice, they all involve moving money from some people's pockets to others'.

It's a fluid situation. The New Democrats have the White House and both Houses of Congress, and Washington

A Young Man's Fancy

YOU are here—finally. It is late April in the nation's capital, and the azaleas are blooming riotously in your new neighborhood. The air is warmer and the sun brighter than where you came from. Elsewhere, the spring air might turn your thoughts to romance.

But you are a bright young Democrat, who has moved to Washington to take a job in the Clinton Administration. You are here because, after 12 years of total, *shameful*, Republican neglect of domestic policy, America needs you. This has been your goal since high school, since that year on the debate team when you argued for guaranteed national health insurance.

And, of course, you are going to make a name for yourself. How heads will turn when you walk into that paneled meeting room—so young, yet so masterful! How your former fellow associates at the law firm, or the other junior faculty members, will envy you when you are quoted in the *New York Times*!

You've only just started working, because the background checks take longer than anyone realized. Boy did that FBI agent look stern when it came time to discuss past drug use. Did not crack even a little smile when you said you hadn't inhaled.

Then the agent fixed on that girl you'd had a brief affair with when you spent a year as a freelance journalist in Nicaragua before law school. He just stared at you as if you were some kind of weirdo when you said you had met her because she was your official Sandinista government press liaison. Obviously he's a racist.

But in terms of ridiculous intrusions, that interview didn't hold a candle to the financial disclosure forms you have been trying to fill out. SF-278 is so complicated that even great lawyers like Lawrence Walsh have had to file multiple, amended returns, year after year, because they can't get them right.

But these are minor annoyances. After all, you are very lucky. Most of the almost 100,000 unsuccessful applicants have the same Ivy League degrees you do. That's why you took this staffe job, as a "special assistant," instead of demanding a policy-making position. In 18 months, when the first turnover begins, you'll get a deputy assistant secretaryship. By the second term you'll be an assistant secretary.

Despite daily media affirmation of your politics, sometimes you have a small dissonant thought. You know the American people issued a mandate for Big Change, but you did get only 43 per cent of the vote. Can you afford to be a populist? Or must you educate the masses?

Your biggest worry is that you can't quite figure out if your immediate boss is a Bill appointment or a Hillary appointment. In fact there seems to be quite a split in the department between those who are here to reinvent government, make it leaner and more effective, and empower people by helping them undertake their responsibilities, and those who believe that the only thing wrong with the Great Society was that it was never fully funded. You yourself are of two minds. After all, despite all that welfare and urban spending the poor are worse off now. Of course they should work. But racism, sexism, lack of hope are hard to overcome. Obviously it takes more investment.

You worry that the Hillary faction are better players of this game, and if they don't win, still they'll stop the Bill reformers from succeeding. You suspect too, that all those former lobbyists for NOW, the Children's Defense Fund, the Urban League, etc., who started working ahead of you, are not really for making government smaller and more effective. But for now you need to figure out which side your boss is on, so you can get on her good side.

Fortunately, you're up to this task. You've dated feminists—and flattered them successfully—your whole life. And it's been a long time since you wrote anything that wasn't race/gender/handicap/sexual preference neutral.

You breathe in that luscious spring air, feeling energized by power and thrilled by the challenges. It's going to be a great decade.

—LISA SCHIFFREN

Miss Schiffren was a speechwriter for Vice President Quayle.

CPAC'93

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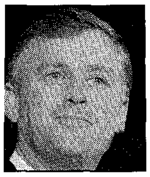
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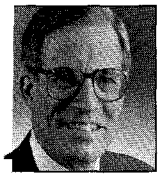
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Make Checks Payable to CPAC '93 NR Total Enclosed ________________ is vibrating with excitement. The media are awarding the Clintons the open-ended "mandate for change" the voters withheld. Just as Bush promised not to be a Reagan, Clinton is pledging not to be a Carter (while staffing foreign-policy posts with old Carterites like Warren Christopher). After 12 years of famine—federal spending merely doubled—the Beltway anticipates great things. But nobody really knows what. ☐

Clinton's Economic Team

HARD-LINERS VERSUS CAPITALIST ROADERS

Mr. Clinton's economic picks range from moderate to Martian—which is good news for Republicans.

DANIEL J. MITCHELL and ANDREW F. QUINLAN

FOR ALL the talk about the "diversity" among Bill Clinton's personnel choices, the most notable thing about the new economic team is their conformity. Every Clinton nominee whose new job has anything to do with the economy believes that government should tax more, spend more, and regulate more.

If anything good does come out of the new Administration, it probably will be a result of Clinton's pick for Treasury Secretary, Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas. As Chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, Bentsen produced the 1980 annual report which endorsed supply-side economics. [See sidebar p. 47.] Bentsen also voted for the 1981 tax cuts and, even as recently as 1991, proposed a budget package that would have reduced both taxes and spending.

On the other hand, Bentsen's moderate history may have been a calculated attempt to appeal to conservative Texas voters. As he became increasingly entrenched in the Senate, his voting record moved left. He joined in the 1989 filibuster against capital-gains tax relief. He also supported the 1990 budget deal, and has increasingly sided with big labor's political agenda. Most worrisome, he favors higher marginal tax rates.

As liberal as his voting record has become, though, Bentsen is a Tory Democrat compared to other appointees such as Leon Panetta of California, Clinton's pick to head the Office of Management and Budget (OMB). Panetta, who chaired the House Budget Committee, can only be described as a compulsive tax increaser. The media have labeled him a "deficit hawk," but vote ratings for the last three years put together by the National Taxpayers Union reveal that he is more likely to vote for deficit spending than the average Democratic congressman—no easy accomplishment.

Perhaps even more revealing, after leading the fight against a balanced-budget amendment last year, Panetta introduced legislation that would have imposed automatic tax increases on the American economy any time Congress failed to comply with budget laws. In other words, for refusing to cut spending, Congress would be rewarded with higher taxes that would be used to fund even more spending, all without ever having to vote for a tax increase. Panetta's defenders argue that his budget package also would have imposed automatic spending cuts, but it is instructive to note that Panetta's definition of spending cuts includes automatic increases in the taxation of Social Security benefits. This is what, according to the media, constitutes being serious about the deficit.

Little is known about the ideological predilections of a third economic appointee, Robert Rubin, a Wall Street investment banker (and a big financial backer of Clinton, and also of Mondale in 1984), picked to head the new National Economic Council (NEC). Rubin's Wall Street background may make him somewhat leery of ideas pushed by the more radical Clinton appointees, but, as with Bentsen, that will simply mean that he advocates expanding government at a slower rate.

Another Wall Street transplant is Roger Altman, Clinton's choice for deputy treasury secretary. A classmate of Clinton's at Georgetown, Altman is a Carter Administration retread who, while at Treasury from 1977 to 1980, was involved in the Chrysler and New York City bailouts. Altman is closely identified with the tactic of redefining wasteful domestic spending as "investment" and then using higher spending in these categories to justify ridiculously optimistic economic assumptions. As Stephen Moore of the Cato Institute has pointed out, however, President Bush allowed record spending increases in all these categories, and yet the economy languished.

For deputy director of OMB, Clinton selected longtime Washington insider Alice Rivlin. Although she has been at the Brookings Institution since 1983, Mrs. Rivlin is best known for her tenure as director of the Congressional Budget Office. In that post, she ardently opposed supply-side economics and used Keynesian analysis to predict that the Reagan tax cuts would increase inflation. Her paper trail includes articles in favor of wage and price controls and nationalized health care. She also has advocated using the tax code to redistribute income.

Of all the Clinton economic appointees, the most radical probably is Laura D'Andrea Tyson, the incoming chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Professor Tyson is an advocate of protectionism and industrial policy, ideas which even most liberal economists are loath to support. Her academic writings include articles defending the economic policies of then-Communist Eastern European nations [see sidebar p. 48].

Mr. Mitchell is John M. Olin Senior Fellow in Political Economy at the Heritage Foundation. Mr. Quinlan is an economist working in Washington, D.C.

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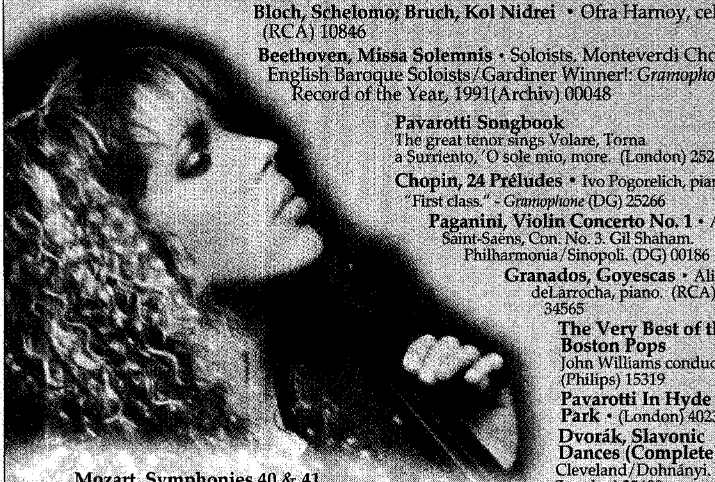

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Other Clinton selections are not much better. Carol Browner, proposed as Environmental Protection Agency administrator, used to be in charge of environmental issues for Al Gore. Miss Browner's radicalism could have a huge impact on the economy. In fields like wetlands regulation and implementation of the Clean Air Act, she will be able to take the provisions of a bad piece of legislation and make them even more expensive.

A Supply-Sider at Treasury

I KNOW Lloyd Bentsen, and he's no Nick Brady. Bentsen was one of five senators (the others are Russell Long, Sam Nunn, Bill Roth, and Orrin Hatch) who, along with Representatives Jack Kemp, Clarence Brown, and Marjorie Holt, created the supply-side revolution.

Lloyd Bentsen was born in Mission, Texas, on February 11, 1921, and had already had a long life before I met him in the late 1970s when he became chairman of the Joint Economic Committee. Since its inception in 1947, the JEC had been a mouthpiece for Keynesian demand management.

Chairman Bentsen changed all that in 1979 with the committee's *Annual Report*. Policy-makers, the report declared, must "alter the policy mix to encourage supply, reduce disincentives, and raise the reward to production." In a pure statement of supply-side theory, the report said: "The greater the tax burden on a factor of production, the smaller the quantity of that factor that will be offered to the market. The greater the tax burden placed on production, the less production there will be."

It was the first unanimous report in twenty years. Even Ted Kennedy and George McGovern signed it, thereby endorsing the supply-side approach that a few maverick Republicans had been advocating.

Bentsen was leading the Democrats to face stagflation—the simultaneous drain on the economy of inflation and unemployment—which had become the overriding economic problem. Keynesians wanted wage and price controls, but supply-siders reasoned that stagflation was the result of economic policies that pumped up demand while strangling output with high taxes and regulations. Consequently, the response to increased demand was rising prices rather than more output. "Even if demand is high," concluded the JEC, "capital spending and the supply of output in general may be low if the after-tax real rate of return is inadequate."

The 1980 *Annual Report*, titled "Plugging in the Supply-Side," followed up the pathbreaking recommendations of the previous year. "Traditionally," the report said, "tax cuts have been viewed solely as countercyclical devices designed to shore up the demand side of the economy," but now a tax-rate reduction was needed to improve incentives to work, save, invest, and to take risks.

At the press conference for the 1980 report, Senator Bentsen proudly announced that "the JEC is on the cutting edge of a new approach to economic policy. In 1979, we were a pioneer of the concept of supply-side economics." For the 1980 report, Bentsen persuaded Otto Eckstein, former Harvard Keynesian and president of Data Resources Inc., to construct a supply-side econometric model.

Eckstein testified that "the mistake we have made over the last twenty years is that we have always looked at the short-run demand effects, and have thereby ignored what we are doing to the long-run growth potential of the economy." Among the "things that we did not do very aggressively was to focus on the question of the effect of the tax system on the supply of labor, the supply of saving." When questioned about the 1980 *Annual Report,* Eckstein said that supply-side economics "is the most exciting thing I'm doing at the moment. The world is about ready for assimilating supply-side ideas."

As the 1980 presidential election approached, the *New York Times* was curious whether Bentsen and the JEC Democrats could stick with a policy more likely to be identified with the Republican presidential candidate than with Jimmy Carter. "I believe so," Senator Bentsen said. "I think all of us have come to understand that this nation desperately needs economic policies that encourage savings, investment, and increased productivity."

Liberals were incensed. Americans for Democratic Action angrily responded, finding the implication that "the private sector is the best place to implement important social goals" totally unacceptable. But Senator Bentsen said: "I don't see any of us retreating."

That, however, was before White House Chief of Staff James Baker III politicized supply-side economics in 1981 by cutting the Democrats out of the tax bill. This gratuitous challenge, designed to make Baker look good by giving Reagan a "victory," left the Democrats with no stake in the policy revolution. Unanticipated disinflation shriveled nominal GNP relative to forecast and produced unexpected budget deficits. Fighting for their political life against a successful economic policy, Democrats, with help from the Republican Establishment and the media, misinterpreted the deficits as evidence of supply-side failure.

It remains to be seen whether Lloyd Bentsen can extract himself from the rhetorical war of the past decade and recover his original supply-side position, or whether he will be swept along by the flaky Laura D'Andrea Tyson, who believes "there is no relationship between the taxes a nation pays and its economic performance."

To avoid capping his career by eating crow to please left-wing colleagues, Lloyd Bentsen should recall that the policy he advocated in 1979–80 did exactly what he said it would. Stagflation is gone, killed by a record economic expansion that created 18 million new jobs. In 1980 this was a heretical thought, and it was a heretical policy in 1981—but one that succeeded. —PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy in 1981–82, holds the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

Her radicalism will be matched by that of incoming Labor Secretary Robert Reich, a long-time buddy of Clinton's. Reich is a consummate interventionist; he favors huge increases in federal spending, although, like Altman, he calls such spending "investment."

Reich's demands for more spending

Mrs. Tyson's Fried Economics

FOR A MODERATE, Bill Clinton has picked an odd chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Laura D'Andrea Tyson, professor of economics at the University of California, Berkeley, spent years studying Eastern European socialism, and liked much of what she saw.

The Rumanian Communist Party, she wrote in *Economic Adjustment in Eastern Europe* (Rand Corporation, 1984), "was committed to a postwar program of rapid economic growth, emphasizing industrialization, based on the rapid transfer of agricultural labor reserves to industry and on a major investment effort." Her discussion raises more questions than she answers. For example, is "transfer" of "labor reserves" a euphemism for forced relocation and slave labor? If so, it might help to explain Rumania's decline in adult life expectancy from the mid 1960s to the early 1980s.

But to Professor Tyson, the only question is: Did the Rumanian "investment" plan "work"? Yes, she says, for Rumania achieved "dazzling growth rates in the 1970s." "Investment grew more rapidly in Rumania than in the other Bloc countries throughout most of the postwar period, and by 1974, Rumania's investment effort, expressed as a share of net material product, was the highest in the Bloc and perhaps in the world." The nascent Clinton Administration tells us that government spending equals investment, but surely even New Democrats think Ceausescu went too far. (Don't they?)

Growth in the 1980s did not achieve dazzling levels, thanks in part to price shocks from the Western world. So Ceausescu decided to impose "austerity measures." He was "remarkably successful in mobilizing the kind of domestic austerity measures that are required for rapid short-term improvements in the balance of payments. To date, moreover, these measures have not led to any significant threat to the continued domination of the Ceausescu regime."

If Professor Tyson had noticed that the Rumanian people never had anything *but* austerity under Ceausescu—producing only poverty, sickness, and death, while he and his family lived in luxury—she might have been in a better position to predict his overthrow and assassination five years later.

In marked contrast to Ceausescu's success was Yugoslavia's "market socialism," the subject of Professor Tyson's doctoral dissertation, later published as *The Yugoslav Economic System in the 1970s* (University of California, Berkeley, 1980). The disaster of Tito's socialist market could be well memorialized by a half-buried Yugo automobile, and, indeed, Professor Tyson was critical of the Yugoslav system—for attempting to include market incentives.

The "market failed to live up to expectations," she wrote. "Growth over the 1965–1970 period was less than anticipated, inefficiencies in the use of capital and labor continued, and foreign-trade bottlenecks persisted." The real problem, she explained, was "the absence of effective macroeconomic measures"—i.e., the central government needed to take a stronger hand. And that happened during the 1970s, when Tito gave "renewed attention to democratic centralism and to limiting open dissent among party members."

"As a consequence of these changes and related organization changes within the party itself," Professor Tyson wrote in an astounding passage, "by 1977 Tito could justifiably claim that 'the unity of our working people has never been greater than today.'"

Professor Tyson could have recommended the policies that have made the West rich, including private property, market prices, competition, and the rule of law. Instead her prescriptions for Rumania included "different and better technology, much of it currently available only from the West." Why it was available only from the West, she doesn't say.

Did the fall of socialism change her views? No. In her *Los Angeles Times* column in July 1989 she urged "massive investment" in Eastern European state-owned industries. And in January 1990, she wrote that "the free-market frenzy in the United States during the past decade demonstrates some of the pitfalls of unregulated capitalism." Her answer? "Collective ownership of firms by groups of workers." She even claimed the following as an "elementary economic principle": "There is no relationship between the level of taxes a nation pays and its economic performance."

Every economist has a model. A supply-sider envisions a world without taxes on capital; an Austrian wants laissez-faire and the gold standard; a Keynesian seeks to run the economy through fiscal policy; a monetarist urges the central bank to provide stable prices.

From her published writings, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Professor Tyson's ideal is Eastern European socialism, especially of the Ceausescu variety.

This does not make her an apologist for Communism. She is just another in the lamentably long list of economists who accepted the official statistics about workers' paradises. But surely, three years after the fall of socialism, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors should not be advocating "collective ownership of firms by groups of workers."

Professor Tyson's embarrassing writings should mean permanent exile in Berkeley. Instead, she will be the most powerful economist in the country. We can only hope that the importation of ideas from Ceausescu's Rumania won't be the one exception to her protectionism.

—LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL JR.

Mr. Rockwell is president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama.

con•tro•ver•sial *adj.* 1. of, subject to, or stirring up controversy 2. Bill Buckley's *In Search of Anti-Semitism*

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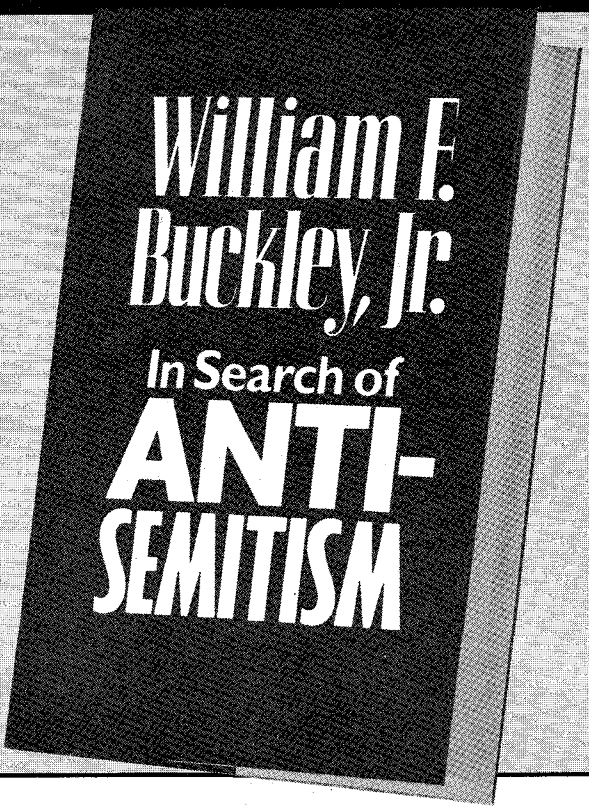

Bill Buckley caused a national sensation last year with his seminal and controversial *National Review* essay "In Search of Anti-Semitism," and the red-hot to-do he sparked only intensified when *NR* published "In Pursuit of Anti-Semitism" – the collection of often-charged responses to WFB's essay from leading conservative, religious, and media figures.

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will be echoed by the incoming heads of the various agencies and departments that feed at the public trough. Donna Shalala, secretary of Health and Human Services, will be one of the first in line at the Treasury door. Miss Shalala is best known for her tenure at the ultra-liberal Children's Defense Fund and for turning the University of Wisconsin into a citadel of political correctness.

The Economy and Elections

BILL CLINTON was clever to make the election a referendum on George Bush's handling of the economy, but he will be subject to the same vote of confidence in 1996. The $64 question, therefore, is which Clinton will govern for the next four years. Will it be the Clinton who campaigned against Bush's record tax and spending increases and used the Democratic Leadership Council to muzzle the ultra-liberal wing of the party? Or will it be the Clinton whose economic appointees believe in bigger government and would happily use Clinton's plan, *Putting People First*, to impose $150 billion of new taxes and $220 billion of new spending on the economy over the next four years?

Clinton may have learned from the mistakes of Jimmy Carter and George Bush that bigger government is not the solution. This, however, is very improbable. Bill Clinton is not an ideological leftist like his wife, but he actually may believe in the economic plan he advanced. Furthermore, his advisors are incompatible with economic growth. Some, like Bentsen, may steer him away from some of the more destructive policies being pushed by Democrats in Congress, but the result will still be a big increase in the burden of government.

Clinton's expected economic problems will be compounded by intra-Administration bickering. Clinton's appointees all support bigger government, but they disagree on how fast to expand it. The big spenders, for instance, doubtless will clash with Leon Panetta and Alice Rivlin at OMB. Panetta and Rivlin are big spenders themselves, but they will argue that spending increases should be accompanied by tax increases. Since Clinton and, presumably, some of his advisors understand that uncontrolled tax increases are a recipe for not getting re-elected, OMB will be empowered to say no to at least some of the spending proposals. This compromise approach, however, will not appease interest groups. Many of them will leak their budget documents to the press, which will stir up even more infighting. What will happen, for instance, when Robert Reich—turned down in his request for several billion dollars for a new worker-training scheme—argues that spending for his department increased faster under Bush?

Clinton could, of course, decide to increase spending without any concomitant increase in taxes, but this would raise concerns among deficit-phobes at the Federal Reserve Board and on Wall Street. Nor is this strategy without political risk; many congressional Democrats made the budget deficit the major issue of their campaigns. Clinton was able to finesse this issue during his campaign, but as President, he will be forced to choose from these unpleasant options: 1) increase taxes on the middle class; 2) reduce the amount of new spending for special interests; 3) allow the deficit to climb.

Alice Mooney

Alice Mooney

Clinton also will somehow have to mollify the radical environmentalists without torpedoing the economy. Once again, George Bush may have the last laugh. One of the biggest impediments to job creation and economic growth in the next four years will be the regulatory legislation approved by Bush, which Clinton's liberal appointees at EPA, Justice, and Labor will be busily implementing. Advisors like Rubin, however, will understand that there has to be some check on regulatory costs if Clinton wants to get re-elected. As a result, the National Economic Council may take on the role performed by Dan Quayle's Council on Competitiveness during the Bush Administration, trying to rein in regulatory excesses at the various agencies.

All in all, Clinton's economic policies are not likely to be substantially worse than those which would have occurred in a second Bush term, but at least Democrats will take the blame when the economy continues to suffer. If Republicans return to their Reaganite roots, they should have no trouble in 1996 sending Bill Clinton the way of Jimmy Carter. ☐

World in Conflict

THE FORLORN CAUSE

Can the UN—can the U.S.—take effective action in the post-cold-war world? Test case: Somalia.

BRIAN CROZIER

THE TRAGEDY of Somalia, no less than that of Ethiopia, or Bosnia, or the warring "Independent States" of the ex-USSR, is a legacy of Communism, although one wouldn't think so on reading comments on current events in that sad country.

In July 1974, at the height of Brezhnev's imperialist expansion, Siad Barre, the now ousted Somali tyrant, signed a Friendship Treaty with Moscow. His reward was Soviet support for his program of "scientific socialism," aid and KGB training for his National Security Service, tips on how to repress dissidents, and, of course, advanced weaponry.

The tyrannical worm turned when Somalia clashed with neighboring Ethiopia three years later. The ruling tyrant there, Mengistu Haile Mariam, had actually been trained in Moscow. Ethiopia was bigger than Somalia and more important to Soviet strategy, so Moscow sided with Mengistu. Barre, taking a leaf out of the book of Anwar Sadat, expelled Somalia's six thousand Soviet "advisors."

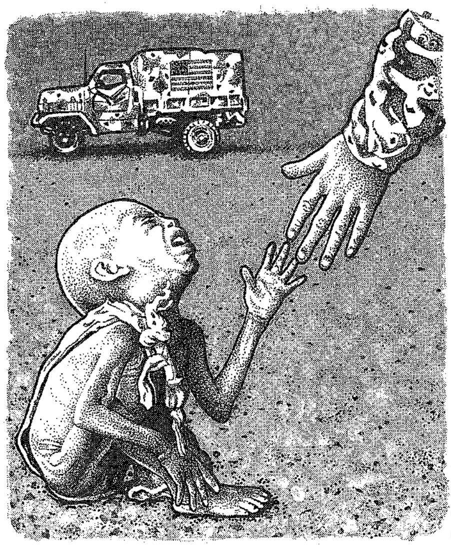
Siad Barre outlasted Mengistu in power, but his reign ended last April, when he fled to Kenya. A year earlier, Mengistu had chosen Zimbabwe as his refuge. Famine and civil war were the principal legacies of both. Partly, no doubt, because Gorbachev's Soviet Union had not yet collapsed when the Mengistu regime did, United Nations intervention in Ethiopia was limited to food relief. Somalia is enjoying (if that is the right word) the attentions of a heavily armed American contingent to protect the distribution of food and relief supplies.

The legacy of Soviet imperialism is one reason why I cannot, though I wish I could, share Paul Johnson's optimism (*NR*, Dec. 14) about a new and enlightened use of the United Nations. Another reason is the disquieting challenge to President Yeltsin's reforming program, from the ludicrously styled "conservatives" of the Russian parliament. A third reason is the factor I call "post-crisis impatience," of which the United States shows no convincing signs of having been cured.

Let us look at these more closely. Wherever Soviet-style Communism has reigned, the legacy has been economic collapse, civil war or ethnic strife, and a collective allergy to democratic reform. In fact, in the former Communist world, order reigns only in the countries where Communist parties cling to power, as in Cuba, Vietnam, North Korea, and of course China, where a neo-capitalist economy is in full boom against a background of total repression.

Then there is the Yeltsin factor. I write as an unfashionably early supporter of Boris Yeltsin in preference to Mikhail Gorbachev, the clever self-proclaimed Leninist. Yeltsin showed prodigious courage in standing up to Gorbachev's persecution and in seizing the moment when Gorby's hard-liner appointees were keeping him incommunicado. But even Yeltsin, the genuine reformer, had to cave in when the hard-liners raised the pressure.

Personally, I still support Yeltsin, who could well live on to surprise his critics at home and abroad. But for the moment, he cannot be counted on as a source of international strength.


D. F. Bach

My third factor, America's post-crisis impatience, is specifically on trial right now. What happened after World War I? The ailing Woodrow Wilson did his best, I suppose, but had to yield to Warren Harding and isolationism. What happened after World War II? The boys were brought home as America demobbed, while Stalin's Red Army did not. True, the Marshall Plan helped enormously, and President Truman did see the light.

More appositely, what happened after the Gulf War? President Bush brought the boys home, leaving Saddam Hussein in power. So what, now, is going to happen in Somalia?

Ideally, this ultimate foreign-policy initiative of George Bush should be pursued until the following objectives are attained: 1) Food supplies reach the needy, and flesh comes back on the bones of the starving. 2) The warring tribal leaders yield to a democratically elected president. 3) The United States secures a naval/military base on the Horn of Africa.

Readers may well ask if I am serious. I am, and you will see why I am also pessimistic. Number 1 is possible, but it will take time. Number 2 is theoretically possible but very remote, straining the patience of President Clinton well into his second term, or the first and second terms of his successor. Number 3 is possible, and could prove strategically useful.

Whatever Mr. Bush's failings, he showed more than once that he has an exceptional ability to coax reluctant governments and even the UN into temporary unity. His coaxing operation in the Gulf War was a masterpiece of its kind. In Somalia, he jumped the gun (an apposite cliché, I would argue) and moved in, in anticipation of Security Council blessing. He will be praised for it; and when the operation fails (as I believe it will, unless Number 3 above materializes) the blame will fall on President Clinton.

The UN: Salvageable?

SO, WHAT of the United Nations? Here Paul Johnson makes some sound suggestions before lapsing into starry-eyed hopes I cannot share. He is right to suggest that Germany and Japan should be invited to join the Security Council. The post-war motivation for excluding them has long been obsolete, as I have argued in these pages (see, for example, "Closing Time for the UN," May 13, 1991). But I believe the Johnson recipe for taming and civilizing the ruthless gang still in power in Peking is deeply mistaken. "Involving its rulers more and more in the new Security Council system" would merely be used by the said rulers to demonstrate that they can get away with the fruits of Tiananmen Square indefinitely.

As for general goals for the West, I am wholly in favor of a conscious extension of the idea and practice of democracy. Others, too, have endorsed this aim, not least that "dean of American geopoliticians," the admirable Robert Strausz-Hupé. Alas, the United Nations, even if reformed by the addition of Germany and Japan, and by the appointment of a more modern-minded secretary-general than Boutros Boutros-Ghali, is too fundamentally flawed to contribute to this

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Mr. Crozier, an NR *contributing editor, is the author of* The Gorbachev Phenomenon.

Somali Peacelord

OMER ARTEH GHALIB sits cross-legged on the cushioned floor of the *majlis* (guest receiving room) in a Riyadh villa, sipping *gahwa turquia* (Turkish coffee), quietly speaking fluent Arabic with a visitor. He is, clearly, completely at home in his surroundings. A month later, Arteh, prime minister of the provisional government of the Somali Republic, is sitting on a sofa in a drawing room in Washington, sipping instant Folger's, quietly speaking idiomatically fluent English with the same visitor.

He is equally comfortable, and equally determined that he be understood—and accepted—on his terms: leader of the Isaq, the dominant northern Somali tribe; head of government of the extremely fragile provisional national government; at once peace-seeker and damnifier of those who would further damage his brutally destroyed land.

The prime minister has spent the last seven months outside Somalia with four senior members of his cabinet, quietly stating the case for peaceful confederation of his tortured peoples, firmly identifying the difference between most of the tribal elders and the relatively few "warlords."

"Why can't your colleagues take the time to learn that there really are very few leaders who are wedded to war in our country? It seems to be the same 'instant expert' issue that causes them to so thoroughly misunderstand our tribal culture. (Incidentally, we have *tribes* in Africa, not some derivation of Scottish 'clans,' as the press seems determined to call them.)

"Our president, Ali Mahdi, for instance, has always been as dedicated to a peaceful resolution of our troubles as he is today. On the other hand, the so-called General Farah Aidid has always been a cut-throat. None of us ever trusted him, not even Siad Barre when Aidid was chief of his presidential guard.

"Can we forget so soon that, while I was writing Boutros Boutros-Ghali urging a peacekeeping role, Aidid's troops were forcibly taking control of the warehouses where most of the humanitarian relief supplies were stored? For him, the worst thing possible was for UN forces, not to mention inquiring journalists, to be on the scene in Mogadisho."

Omer Arteh is unfazed when questioned why he was not in Mogadisho during the critical weeks before and during the arrival of UN forces.

"Ali Mahdi and I are in daily contact; he and our other leaders are handling the domestic political issues very capably. My primary job, for now, is to achieve some reasonable international understanding of the Somali political situation, at the same time as I try to keep the northern and southern portions of the country together.

"The issue of maintaining the Somali Republic is very delicate. We are having a meeting of the elders of the northern tribes in Borama, on the 25th of January, where we will review all our political options." The northern tribes account for 55 per cent of Somalia's ten million citizens; of these, the Isaq, of which Arteh is leader, is far and away the largest.

"In the north, we are frankly very frustrated. Many of our people, as you know, wanted total and immediate independence. I hope to convince them to continue to give a chance to the Somali Republic.

"We pray that in any case there will be no more war. We have always wanted peace and free association of the peoples of our land; it is only a very few who have tried to take power by force.

"You know, Farah Aidid is really a very special case. He attended the meetings in Mogadisho in April, when we did the impossible: the leaders of six armed movements came together and agreed to cease hostilities. When the council of one hundred elders selected the provisional government, Aidid was one of six signatories to the declaration that announced the government's formation and our initial decrees, including a commitment to democracy, to the free market, and to the West.

"Nevertheless, within one week he came to me and pressed me to force Ali Mahdi to resign as president, and to support him for the job! Then, only a few days after I left on my foreign mission, Aidid's troops launched attacks against his own tribe's people, who were Ali Mahdi's main support, and in the process utterly devastated Mogadisho."

Arteh is no stranger to coping in difficult circumstances. He recalls Siad Barre's sudden change of direction (he was serving Barre as foreign minister at the time). "In the early days, we all supported Barre; he seemed compassionate, committed to the peaceful, free-market development of our land. Slowly, however, his personality changed, until, on a quickly arranged visit to Moscow in 1976, he said to me that it was clear that the Soviets had the solution to society's ills.

"He took me completely by surprise. He had been totally snubbed by Brezhnev during our visit. I said to Barre, 'The man has humiliated you and our nation, and what's more, the Soviet Union does not work. When we were in New York, you could not believe the wealth and comfort of everyone; here, I cannot believe the poverty and disillusionment on the faces of everyone I see.'

"Back in Mogadisho, without telling any of his cabinet, he announced over the radio that Somalia was thenceforth to be a socialist state. Within a week I was removed as foreign minister and given the expedient position of minister of higher education. Ultimately, he brooked no opposition whatever, and had me thrown in jail for six long years"—a prisoner in solitary confinement.

The calling card of the provisional prime minister of the Somali Republic has no address. Under the name and title, at the bottom, the word "Telephone" is printed, followed by a space for the number, wherever he may be. "I am determined," Omer Arteh notes, half wryly, half wistfully, "to be able to print a card with full and permanent contact particulars, very soon. I do hope the city location will be Mogadisho, but if not, it will be Hargeisa, our northern regional capital." —IAN ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Middle East.

highly desirable (and realizable) aim. The only way forward lies in the replacement of the United Nations by an Association of Free Nations, in which the leading role would be played by the larger established democracies, and candidate membership would be open to aspirant ones.

It will be interesting to see how far President Clinton's vision will range beyond the confines of Little Rock, a Rhodes Scholarship, and the leftist credentials of his closest advisors. In this wider context, Somalia could be a catalyst for fresh initiatives rather than a messy failure. □

The Open Question

THE WRONG WAY TO GO

What is the real problem among our nation's teenagers? Will Norplant solve it, or make it worse?

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

IN A MANNER friendly but firm, I must protest the editorial ("Norplant?" Dec. 28) endorsing a Baltimore school program for implanting a contraceptive, reportedly effective for five years, in girls between the ages of 13 and 19. The editorial concluded: "Better a prophylactic than an abortion, and if we go in for birth control, as manifestly there is a need to do, then the more efficient the better."

The editorial is wrongheaded in its reasoning and mischievous, at best, in the consequences it implicitly invites. We should not be coy as to whom we're talking about—girls in the urban and mainly black underclass. That is the case in Baltimore and in the Planned Parenthood clinics that promote Norplant. The latter report that more than 90 per cent of the procedures are paid for through Medicaid. One understands it when the *New York Times* editorially applauds these programs, but it is deeply troubling to see *NR* following suit. As the *Times* sees things, abstinence is unnatural, chastity is unattainable, and virginity is a form of sexual deviance. Add to that the unsavory assumption that inner-city black kids are little more than rutting animals incapable of the discipline that we expect from our own kind—an assumption accurately described as racist.

With Norplant to prevent conception, condoms to prevent disease, and abortion as a backstop, says the *Times*, our urban schools can equip children to take the sexual revolution in stride. Proponents of this view do not mention that, thus equipped and assured by teachers and peers that promiscuity is normal, fewer girls will be able to come up with a believable reason to say no. Cheering Clinton's appointment of Jocelyn Elders as Surgeon General, the *Times* declares, "She is unflinchingly realistic about adolescent sex, a necessity when a quarter of sexually active teenage women under 18 have had four or more sexual partners."

According to Health and Human Services, 73 per cent of 15-year-old and 50 per cent of 17-year-old girls are virgins. If we concede for the sake of argument that, by age 18, one-quarter of the non-virgins have had, over a period of years, four or more partners, that hardly confirms the stereotype of American teenagers in a copulating frenzy. That is a stereotype that serves the ideological purposes of the *Times*. It expands sexual license and excuses more government intervention in the traditional functions of the family. It is a stereotype that should get no editorial support from *NR*.

There is no denying that there is a crisis of family life and sexual behavior in the urban underclass. Last year—as in the prior ten years—more than 80 per cent of the children born in Bedford Stuyvesant, New York's largest black community, were born to single mothers, without men who accept responsibility for their offspring. But note that these girls and women wanted to have these children. The pattern has increased, not decreased, with the ever easier availability of contraception and abortion. This social pathology is no doubt buttressed by perverse incentives in the welfare system, but the causes are moral and cultural. *NR* should know that contraceptive breakthroughs cannot fix moral breakdowns.

Especially disturbing is the focus on calculating the cost to society of children born to the poor. That is an argument that we expect from Planned Parenthood with its advocacy of contraception and abortion as a social bargain. Behind it is Margaret Sanger's zeal to bar the breeding of the socially and genetically unfit. And not far behind that, only thinly veiled, are proposals for eugenics. The editorial in question certainly does not espouse eugenics. But, however inadvertently, it prepares the way for flirtation with attitudes and policies that are morally odious and politically disastrous.

Realism or Defeatism?

THE GOAL is not to isolate and contain the urban underclass but to draw them into fuller participation in the moral, cultural, and economic mainstream of American society. Liberals favor social policies premised upon behavior that is pathological (which they declare to be normal, for "them"). We advocate policies premised not upon pathology but upon potentiality. What liberals call unflinching realism about the poor we recognize as condescending defeatism. More than two-thirds of black Americans are not in the underclass, and most of those in the underclass do not fit the stereotype trumpeted by the *Times*. The task of conservatives is to cultivate the attitudes and advocate the policies that encourage the bottom third toward participation in the rights and responsibilities of full citizenship. The promotion of safe sex, copulation without consequences, and a cost-containment approach to normalized pathology is precisely the wrong way to go—for the conservative movement and for the country. □

Fr. Neuhaus is NR*'s religion editor.*

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Name That Tune

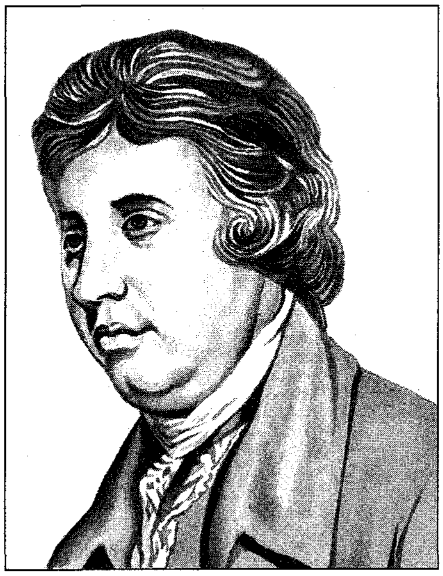
FORREST McDONALD

CONOR Cruise O'Brien set out, some twenty years ago, to write a conventional biography of Edmund Burke, only to give it up as a fruitless undertaking. As he studied the secondary literature (dominated as it was by the anti-Burkean writings of Sir Lewis Namier and his disciples), his subject appeared to shrink in significance, and the part of Burke that interested O'Brien, his "mind and heart," seemed to grow "further and further away." But he continued to be haunted by a pair of lines from Yeats ("American colonies, Ireland, France and India / Harried, and Burke's great melody against it"), which at first he resisted and did not fully understand, beyond its suggestion that Burke's positions on those four great public issues were entirely consistent, one with another. Then he realized, or thought he realized, the principle that informed and lent unity to all Burke's writings and speeches: opposition to the abuse of power in its varying forms. Around that principle O'Brien organized the present book, composed in roughly equal parts of biography, anthology, and commentary and analysis.

The Great Melody: A Thematic Biography and Commented Anthology of Edmund Burke, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Chicago, 692 pp., $34.95)

Virtue and the Promise of Conservatism: The Legacy of Burke and Tocqueville, by Bruce Frohnen (University Press of Kansas, 192 pp., $25)

O'Brien makes a fascinating and persuasive case. Clearly, Burke's stand in regard to America, along with that of the other Rockingham Whigs, was part of a larger opposition to the excessive and corruptly obtained power of George III, which threatened to destroy the equilibrium of the English constitution. Support of the repeal of the Penal Laws in Ireland, as obviously, was meant to right centuries of abuses of power by the English and by Irish Protestants. The campaign against Warren Hastings and the East India Company was aimed at similar abuses. And Burke perceived the French Revolution as perhaps the greatest abuse of power known to man, because it substituted worship of reason for the worship of God and prescribed the deadly doctrines of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.


Bonnie Gardner

Along the way, O'Brien develops another fascinating theme. Biographers have generally assumed that Burke's father, "a Protestant lawyer," exercised a prevailing influence upon the son and that Edmund grew to be thoroughly Anglicized. Yet his mother's family and his wife were Catholics, and O'Brien believes that Burke was more Irish and more nearly Catholic than he could afford to admit and still have a career in English politics. Indeed, O'Brien argues convincingly that Burke was deeply guilt-ridden for having forsaken his heritage to advance his career.

There are, however, problems. Some are of the nitpicky variety. O'Brien often repeats himself, sometimes contradicts himself, and periodically lapses into using the present tense for no apparent reason. He is occasionally careless with details. His knowledge of America during the period is superficial, yet he advances some bold (and indefensible) generalizations.

On a more substantive level, although he does not appear to notice it, O'Brien offers quotations that seem to indicate that Burke was not quite so consistent as O'Brien's interpretive schema would have him be. Thus, for example, in speaking of India, Burke holds that "the rights of men, that is to say, the natural rights of mankind, are indeed sacred things"; whereas in talking of the effects of the French Revolution he declares that "wherever the rights of man were preached," the outcome was "toil and trouble, discord and blood."

The apparent inconsistencies are readily reconciled if one perceives of Burke not as an enemy to the abuse of power but as a conservative—however, this O'Brien steadfastly refuses to do. To O'Brien, Burke is a "pluralist," a "liberal and counter-revolutionary," not a conservative. He airily dismisses Russell Kirk's studies of Burke as the work of a "polemical and propagandist" cold warrior, but it seems obvious to me that Kirk's interpretation is much closer to a common-sense reading of Burke. One illustration: O'Brien quotes a long passage that ends, "The situation of man is the preceptor of his duty." That encapsulates the essence of conservatism, but O'Brien regards it merely as "a good example of the Burkean aphorism."

Bruce Frohnen, in a remarkable first book called *Virtue and the Promise of Conservatism*, sees Burke more clearly. His opening two chapters, devoted to an analysis of the nature of Burke's conservatism, are consonant with Kirk's understanding. Frohnen, however, while regarding Burke as enduringly sound in principle, finds him not entirely relevant for the modern world, since the egalitarianism and democracy that Burke loathed and

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Mr. McDonald is a professor of history at the University of Alabama.

dreaded have become inescapable facts of life.

For further guidance, Frohnen therefore turns to Tocqueville, to whom he also devotes two chapters. He sees Tocqueville's principles as being wholly compatible with Burke's, but adapted to democracy: Tocqueville points out democracy's virtues (mainly the freedom it promises every man to live a meaningfully virtuous life) as well as its dangers (mainly the breakdown of public spirit through an excess of individualism and materialism and the tyranny of the majority).

Though the chapters on Burke and Tocqueville comprise roughly half the book, they are but a necessary background to Frohnen's main concern, "the dilemma of contemporary conservatism." From both Burke and Tocqueville he concludes that it is God's will that man accept, lovingly, the society which he inherits from the past, and that the virtuous man finds fulfillment by seeking to conserve it through prudential means, including prudential change. But "Man can conserve only what he can defend, and he can defend only what he believes, in his heart, to be good"; whereas modern society has increasingly abandoned the "pursuit of the good life in favor of a pursuit of the comfortable life."

Having posed the problem, Frohnen turns to three modern conservatives of different stripes—Michael Oakeshott, Irving Kristol, and Russell Kirk—to see how they address it. He applauds Oakeshott for his recognition of the limits of human reason and his rejection of rationalism. "Reason," he paraphrases Oakeshott as saying, "must be supplemented by habit (the following of modes) and, what is not the same thing, unquestioning acceptance [of historically prescribed habit] if it is to serve its most basic function of allowing us to act rationally." Burke and Tocqueville had "emphasized the habitual nature of much human action, . . . But in Oakeshott's work existing circumstances and practices become themselves the arbiters of right action rather than the embodiments of any transcendent moral truth." For that reason—because Oakeshott sees religion as only a useful myth—Frohnen finds his philosophy unacceptable.

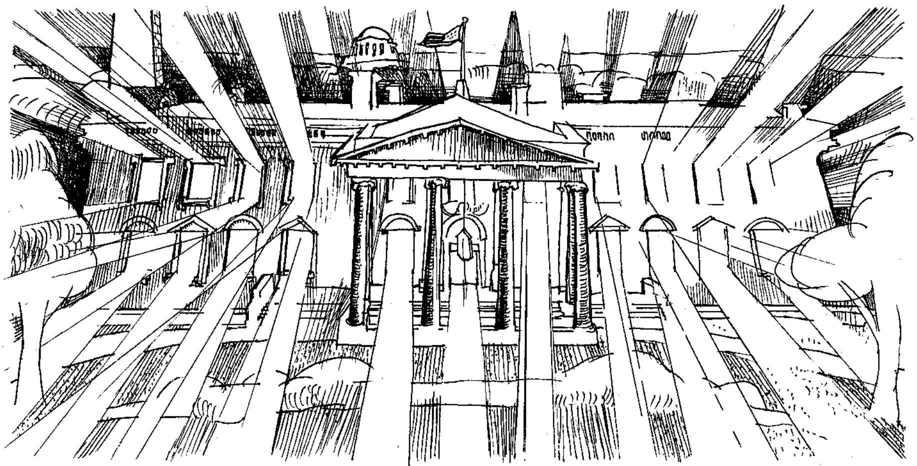
Kristol appeals to Frohnen for his belief in small units of government and intermediate associations, and for his devastating attacks upon utopian philosophical systems (what Burke called the rejection of experience for a "mere theory") but finds in Kristol even less reason for hope than in Oakeshott. "The society that Kristol would conserve and defend is in fact in need of salvation and not merely preservation. By his own reckoning, Kristol's good society is not good"—just "the least of possible evils." Though Kristol longs for a society in which the good life is possible, he "has abandoned even the attempt to formulate fully a conception" of what that might be.

It should be evident by now that Frohnen is most closely attuned to Russell Kirk and Kirk's concern for "the permanent things." He does fault Kirk somewhat for his "almost exclusive emphasis on the printed page" and for his "failure to restate the traditional conservative emphasis on habit in the formation of proper character." But his summing up is one that Kirk would accept: "What is needed in all political philosophy—today more than ever—is the humility to admit man's need for transcendent, objective moral truth. Courage is also needed if we are to submit to the rigors involved."

Frohnen offers no formulas for salvation: that would be a profoundly unconservative thing to do. But he has written a thoughtful, provocative, important book—which should be widely read and seriously discussed. □

Hail to the Post-Mod Chief

RICHARD NORTON SMITH



Stephen Moros

IT BEGAN WITH Theodore Roosevelt, that swashbuckling egoist who classified American Presidents as Buchanan types or Lincoln types. Early in this century TR unveiled his own characteristically breathtaking theory of presidential stewardship. In practice this meant that a Chief Executive of sufficient audacity and imagination could do virtually anything not expressly forbidden by the Constitution. Henceforth it was not enough for the chief magistrate to meet his constitutionally defined obligations as head of state and head of government. Beginning with Theodore Rex he must also serve as a national conscience of sorts, advisor at large on things in general. (Indeed, when running off an early Roosevelt message to Congress, the Government Printing Office is said to have exhausted its supply of the personal pronoun.)

Energy in the Executive: The Case for the Strong Presidency, by Terry Eastland (Free Press, 396 pp., $22.95)

"The President is at liberty . . . to be as big a man as he can," said Woodrow Wilson, whose mountaintop rhetoric and wartime apotheosis fed the nascent cult of presidential personality. Under the reign of a second Roosevelt, the Lincoln–Buchanan model was quickly taken up by liberal academics for whom the ultimate test of presidential leadership was a willingness

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Mr. Smith is author of the forthcoming biography Patriarch: George Washington and the New American Nation *(Houghton Mifflin).*

to expand the powers of the Federal Government, coupled with the aggressive self-regard to stamp one's imprint upon the age.

Appreciation of the activist Presidency reached its zenith in Richard Neustadt's 1960 work, *Presidential Power*, a classic brief on behalf of Rooseveltian assertiveness. Denying that the Constitutional Convention had created a government of broadly separated powers, Neustadt argued that the Founders had actually spawned a group of separate institutions *sharing* authority. This, in turn, justified power-grabbing by proverbially "strong" Presidents, men who delighted in battle and who personified change, so long as it advanced a liberal agenda.

Fortified by such academic orthodoxy, few scholars detected so much as a whiff of presidential imperialism—until such strongminded Republicans as Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan employed the powers of their office to reverse this century's flow of dollars and decisions to Washington. But not, it seems, their *full* powers. At least that is what Terry Eastland contends in this thoughtful, often provocative corrective to Neustadt-style activism and the permanent campaign of Rose Garden ceremonies, focus groups, and cool blue backdrops. Too many twentieth-century Presidents, argues Eastland, "trying to be popular political leaders . . . have failed to see themselves as constitutional officers," thus opening the door to encroachment by a Congress that is truly imperial.

Eastland has his own stewardship theory, one rooted in Alexander Hamilton's assertion that "an energetic and unified executive is not a threat to a free and responsible people." Poor Hamilton: he may be the Flying Dutchman of modern American politics; disowned by conservatives for his faith in central economic planning, denounced by liberals for his unabashed elitism and preference for liberty over equality. Eastland's embrace of so lonely a figure typifies the unconventional wisdom with which he advocates an *institutional* Presidency, based on constitutional logic rather than personal charisma. His ideal leader is jealous of his prerogatives, consistent in his appointments, and creative in using the veto to defend his office from congressional incursions.

He is also a master of public persuasion. Yet one should beware of the bully pulpit, says the author, for whom Presidents "must speak in ways that at least do not undermine deliberative democracy" by resorting to the crisis mentality or public-relations gestures that have robbed the office of much of its moral authority. As an alumnus of the Reagan Justice Department, Eastland is particularly harsh on Reagan's failure to evangelize early for the Nicaraguan Contras, as well as his slighting of Robert Bork when filling the first available Supreme Court vacancy. But these criticisms fail to take into account either the new President's preoccupation with an ailing economy, or the hope of political realignment then cherished in Reagan's White House. Sandra Day O'Connor represented more than a campaign pledge fulfilled; the first woman Justice could also be seen, at least in 1981, as a historic step toward the GOP's long-deferred dream of majority status.

Words matter to Terry Eastland, less for their headline value than for their intellectual resonance. Had Reagan's outrage over Congress's habit of budgeting by continuing resolutions been authentic, he argues, all the President had to do to make his point—and force legislators' hands—was refuse to sign one of the unwieldy documents. Instead, he made them into television props. (A more charitable interpretation is that Reagan was simply being Reagan, indulging a genius for visual communication that neither Hamilton in the eighteenth century nor modern political scientists wedded to their theoretical models could fully appreciate.)

Eastland's criticism of the Bush Administration's notably unenergetic attempts to feed the congressional crocodiles whose tears dried faster than the ink on Dick Darman's 1990 budget agreement is offset by praise for Bush's willingness to veto congressional attempts to encroach on foreign policy. As the author describes it, the transformation of the federal judiciary by both Republican Presidents should satisfy even those longing for more than constitutional purity.

Eastland shrewdly grasps that the single greatest problem confronting a modern President is the frenetic activism and subsequent overexposure demanded as a matter of course by the likes of CNN. Reagan mastered the media; Bush often simply ignored them. As a result, "in a virtually unnoticed achievement, Reagan and Bush were able to inter the quite excessive idea of the President as some omniprovident, omnipowerful father of all Americans."

Before Bill Clinton hears the siren song of political fatherhood, he would do well to read this eloquent plea for an office that combines executive energy with constitutional restraint. He might even reflect on the underrated tenure of his ill-starred predecessor, whose healthy skepticism toward personal government and stubborn disregard for Rooseveltian swashbuckling may yet be seen as the first draft of a post-modernist Presidency. ☐

The Sound of Music

ROGER SCRUTON

Music and More: Essays 1975–1991, by Samuel Lipman (Northwestern, 336 pp., $35)

THE CIVILIZATION of Europe (which became that of North America) has endowed us with gifts so great that only a carefully nurtured habit of ingratitude enables us to forget them: art, education, and science; freedom, rights and democracy; wealth, technology, and institutions. Miraculous though such gifts appear to an impartial judge of the human condition, there is one yet more miraculous, at once the highest achievement and the living symbol of our culture: music.

Western music is unlike any other sound that man has produced. It is neither the sacred voice of faith, nor the ritual dancing of a tribe, but a language in which every feeling may be voiced objectively. It is neither folklore nor courtly custom, but the property of all who listen. It includes love song,

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Mr. Scruton is a visiting University Professor at Boston University.

ballad, dance, liturgy, and drama—but surpasses every such use to become an object of contemplation, the intricate symbol of life and the mirror of eternity. All human beings can become attuned to its harmonies, which arise from a meditation on the tone itself. It is heard and understood from Japan to Greenland and from Siberia to the Cape: a universal language which knows no boundary of faith or climate, and which establishes a communion among the living, dead, and unborn whose voices sound with equal measure in the chorus of tonality. No words can begin to capture what we hear in the masterworks of music, and if we call them divine it is because we half believe that this is true.

All that is obvious; but it is easily forgotten in an age when music, piped into city streets and restaurants, trickling from radios and Walkmans, fading in and out of advertisements, available electronically in any circumstance and at any time, has become "too much with us." The post-modern music lover is a jaded specimen, on such familiar terms with the transcendental that he can no longer perceive what it means. Critics have ceased to look for words that will describe the wealth of musical significance, and write instead in the language of the record librarian.

Just occasionally, however, a critic will emerge who is aware that our civilization and its music are not two things but one, and that the preservation of musical taste is a task worthy of the greatest sacrifice. Such a critic is Samuel Lipman, whose recent articles on music and culture are here collected in a single volume. Himself a pianist of distinction, Lipman knows from within the tradition that he celebrates in these essays—the tradition of true performance, in which the spirit of music is handed on. In a trenchant examination of Roger Norrington, he shows that this tradition has nothing to do with the cult of "authenticity," which spawned those busy groups with such chilling names as the "Academy of Ancient Music," or "Musica Antiqua Cologne." The effect of authentic performance is not merely to produce that raucous and out-of-tune sound which is the inevitable result of playing imperfect instruments with techniques that have now been superseded; it is also to sever the works of the past from the living tradition that gives sense to them, to seal them hermetically within their "period," and to create a museum of musical taxidermy, with Bach, Handel, Haydn, and now Beethoven and even Schubert, exhibited as eerie carcasses. The reception of Norrington, whose brisk and breathless Beethoven is an exercise in musical deconstruction, is as incomprehensible to Lipman as it is to me. "All the reviewers," he notes, "speak of the coruscating excitement they seem to get out of Norrington's work, but this verdict only proves how indistinguishable in modern criticism true excitement is from mere panic." The tick-tock rhythms of the metronome, with which Norrington busily sweeps the meaning from the classics, sound in the short-winded prose of his admirers, and even if a whole establishment has contrived to hear these rhythms as the "authentic" sound of pre-Romantic music, this should not blind us to the fact that they are the authentic sound of *modernity*: mechanical, lifeless, purged of feelings. Authentic performance is designed for the consumer society: quick, forgettable, and embarrassment-free.

Lipman's learned and heartfelt articles on performers are a welcome antidote to fashion. He shows that the true tradition of performance has created the classics anew for each generation of listeners. Properly performed—which is to say, performed with the "discipline in freedom" that comes from discarding pedantry and empty scholarship—the classics never lose their freshness, but speak to us directly, through *our* instruments, in a language that is *ours*. There is nothing intrinsically wrong, as Lipman reminds us in a fine essay on Willem Mengelberg, with the practice of adjusting instrumentation to match the expectations of modern ears, still less with the freedom of rhythm and tempo that enabled masters like Mengelberg to sing *through* the orchestra, and to endow musical phrases with the shape of human feeling.

Lipman is in fact pessimistic about the future of music. He does not say it in so many words, but he repeatedly implies that our tradition is one of tonality, and that, after stumbling into atonal darkness, Western music has never recovered its bearings. For Lipman the keyboard is the heart of music—not least, I suppose, because it

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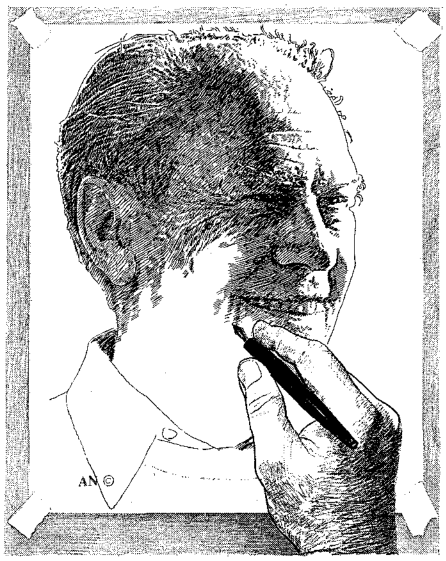
permitted the harmonic discoveries that were to emancipate music from the laws of vocal writing. But the keyboard has been banished from its place in the home, and therefore from the life of the musical child, by electronic gadgetry. Furthermore, great performances on record deprive amateur performances of their interest; we are therefore beginning to lose the experience of making music together, through which the inner life of music is most readily understood. And the all-pervasive, but for Lipman barely mentionable, presence of pop—that perpetual static of the soul—has effectively confined serious music to a small elite of listeners.

Not that Lipman is hostile to modern music; far from it. Although ambivalent toward Leonard Bernstein, to whom he devotes an illuminating essay, he defends what is best in modern American music against the snobbish strictures of George Steiner, and praises Hugo Weisgall in terms that some would find excessive. He writes sensitively of Prokofiev and Bartók, and intelligently, if somewhat scathingly, of Kurt Weill. Nevertheless, his heart is with the old masters—and he writes of them with a restrained emotion that communicates itself directly.

Not all of these essays will last; but all of them are deeply instructive. It is because he is aware of the moral investment contained in our classical tradition that Lipman is able to mount an effective response to Edward Said, the radical critic, whose *Musical Elaborations* delighted the American Left with its "demonstration" that the tradition of concert performance is part of the culture of "domination" that characterizes the "late capitalist" world. As Lipman points out, "the music Said loves exists . . . only as a development inseparably tied to modern European history, in all its religious, social, and economic triumphs. That there exists a music for him to write about, and a music whose fate he can bewail, is owing to the very cultural matrix he resists and undermines." Said is attempting "to question for others what he cleaves to himself," and this, Lipman implies, is characteristic of the leftist posture toward culture. There is a kind of sterile elitism that you find also in Bloch and Adorno, which seeks to capture music from the bourgeoisie and confine it to the radicals. But it is thanks to the bourgeoisie that music exists; and it is the great bourgeois tradition of music-making, celebrated in one way by Wagner in *Die Meistersinger*, that is invoked in another way by Lipman in this much-needed book. □

Memories of U

DAVID LIPSKY



Alan Nahigian

Memories of the Ford Administration, by John Updike (Knopf, 331 pp., $23)

WHAT has happened to John Updike? He is pursuing acedia—the terrifying condition of not much caring about anything—with alarming determination. His most recent *New Yorker* stories have all been about codgers—but not, as one might have anticipated from his luminous early work, codgers engaged with their situation in life. No, they are all about codgers *disengaging*. And whereas Updike has always been supremely talented at cloaking his essentially literary perceptions within non-literary characters, in his recent fiction the cloak is slipping and the essayist in him keeps rising to the lectern. From the October 5 *New Yorker*: "One aspect of childhood Fanshawe had not expected to return in old age was the mutability of things . . . If the bathtub in the corner of his eye as he shaved were to take on the form of a polar bear and start mauling him, it wouldn't be the end of the world." This is not an old man's confusion. It's an old *writer's* confusion, the confusion of a craftsman who has spent a career professionally training himself to unsee the accustomed patterns of the world.

As Updike ages, the shape of his actual talent comes more clearly into focus, like a wintering tree losing its leaves. Norman Mailer once offered this faint and famous putdown of the writer: When John Updike doesn't know what to say, he writes. In these wintry years of Updike, this remark also comes into clearer focus: When John Updike isn't sure what to write, he generalizes. Flaubert (a contemporary of President James Buchanan, the main character of this, Updike's 13th novel) offers a further instructive thought: "There is a Latin phrase [applied to the miserly] which translates roughly as, 'To pick up a farthing from the excrement with one's teeth.' I am like that. I will stop at nothing for my art." In John Updike's recent novels, the observations constitute the gold, and readers are invited to pinch their nostrils and lower their lips.

When he feels our attention slipping, Updike lays on these brilliant observations, in the hope that we'll remember what a swell writer he is. In *Memories of the Ford Administration* it is possible to count at some spots three observations to a page.

At the opening of the novel, he seems more shaky than usual; he shrewdly marries his debatable phrases with inarguable naturalistic data: "A bird, descended from the dinosaurs, issued several clauses of a long territorial proclamation." But by page 100 he's standing firmly upright, and turns his attention to three long-favorite topics. Marriage: "The long years of marriage tend to magnify each of the couple to the other, like mites made horrific under the microscope." Upbringing: "He had, like many men who have been born into a patrician eminence, that faint sleep-

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Mr. Lipsky is the author of a collection of stories, Three Thousand Dollars. *His first novel will be published next fall by Doubleday.*

walking air of those who have not fully earned their lives." Death: "We want life eternally, or else its joys are hopelessly poisoned." The insights irresistibly accumulate: golden, primped-up sentences eagerly nominating themselves for inclusion in *Bartlett's*.

And the excrement? *Memories* is an oddly half-hearted performance. Updike has been trying to write about Buchanan since the late Sixties. In the uncharacteristically revealing afterword to his 1974 play *Buchanan Dying* (he must have assumed no one would read that far), Updike confesses that he wrote about Buchanan as penance for the large paycheck he received for the novel *Couples*. The play didn't work, and so dutiful, desk-cleaning Updike ("His desk was clean" is the admiring epitaph he wrote for James Joyce) has set out once again to discharge the debt.

Memories is nominally about Alf Clayton, a New Hampshire historian who is himself struggling to produce a book-length study of Buchanan. Updike is thus provided with an excuse to include long passages—mostly uncredited steals from *Buchanan Dying*, which raises an interesting meta-fictional problem—from Clayton's manuscript. In alternating sections, Clayton fills us in on his marital troubles. We are supposed to catch the connection between Buchanan's uneasy suspension between antebellum North and South and Clayton's similar suspension between wife and lover. But the connection feels forced, and the characters themselves are unconvincing. They hardly seem "there"—they are more like the ghosts of characters, and you catch yourself filling in their motivations with memories of similar characters from other Updike. Just before their separation, Clayton's mistress admits, "I'll do anything to please you. I've never been like this with a man before." The line seems to apply to some other novel than the one we've been reading; we, certainly, haven't glimpsed anything like that in the reluctant, sulky adulteress who shambles though these pages.

Updike foreglimpsed his impasse in a 1964 book review: "The lack of connection between the experiences . . . that seem worth telling about, and the sophistication needed to render them in writing, is at the root of so many [literary failures]. For a moment, the

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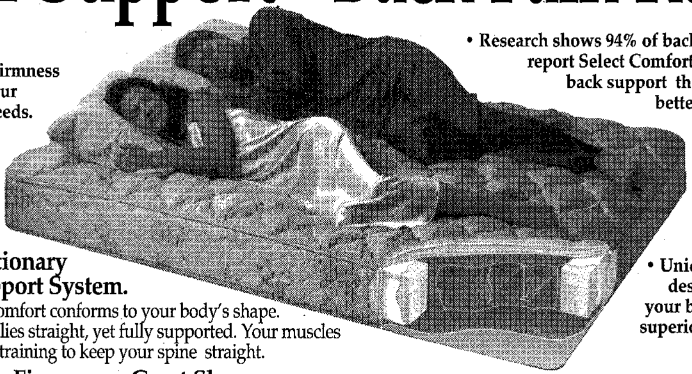

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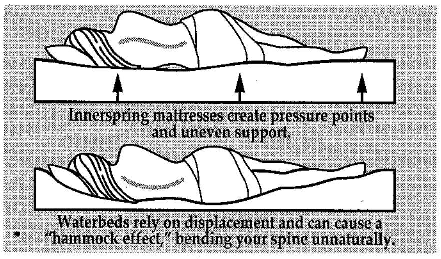
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two intersect; the memories are fresh, the new tools are sharp, and a vivid imitation of life is produced. Then the memories recede, and the writer is left holding the tools."

By 1974, after twenty years of writing about his childhood and first marriage, Updike had found himself holding the tools. He addressed the problem by leaving his wife and taking on Vladimir Nabokov as his literary model. Being with a new wife seemed to jazz up his apprehension of the world, and he produced his best fiction: the great African comedy *The Coup*, the wonderful *Rabbit is Rich*.

But that was twenty years ago, and this second vein of inspiration, too, feels played out. At the start of his career, Updike declared he would produce one book a year, and this commitment has necessarily excluded from his work a certain organizational tightness. You're never really reading a new "novel" but, instead, the latest issue of an annual magazine called *Updike*.

It's the authorial pose that has soured. Precocity was always his great drawing card. But now Updike (writing about men of sixty as if they were men of eighty) is precocious about senility. He refers to his characters as "wander[ing] in a twlight of inconsequence." It's a dangerous position for a literary writer to occupy. Commercial fiction promises straightforward thrills to compete with the VCR for each dollar's worth of our attention; non-fiction offers the brute reassurance of data. For literary fiction to work, it needs to be dazzling—to become an axe, in Kafka's phrase, to break the frozen sea within us.

The best parts of *Memories* are steals from Updike's earlier books. An image from 1977's *A Month of Sundays*—"She had seen we were a pair, but had taken us for a salt and a pepper shaker, not the matched jaws of a heartbreaker"—seems to have pleased Updike so much he reuses it twice ("They were a team, a pair of scissors"; "I felt caught between them, pinched in the nutcracker they made"). The plot hinges are more or less direct recastings from *Marry Me* and *Roger's Version*. The language at times is almost contemptuously sloppy (dead phrases like "she watched my visits like a hawk"). Anachronisms abound, as if the editorial staff at *Updike* has been worn down by their irrepressible production schedule.

The sweetest scenes in Updike's fiction, paradoxically, have been those in which one character confronts another with an unpleasant truth. Someone should do that for Updike himself—should remind him that as Vladimir Nabokov approached Updike's own age (sixty), he was cheerfully at work producing all the books in which Updike first made his acquaintance: *Lolita*, *Pnin*, *Speak Memory*. When, at the age of seventy, Nabokov revisited his old themes in *Ada*, the impulse was not exhaustion but celebration. He left them gloriously reimagined and drenched in honey.

Updike is still the most talented writer in America. The best eye, the surest voice, the nimblest mind. In his 1974 essay "Why Write?" he laid out his aims as an author: "To arrange words and spaces and imagined realities in patterns never exactly achieved before, and to be able to defend any sentence I publish." *Memories* fails on each of these counts. At sixty, Nabokov was writing his greatest novel, *Pale Fire*. There is no practical necessity for John Updike to wander off into the twilight of inconsequence. ☐

FILM

Charlatans Rampant

JOHN SIMON

WHEN Robert Graves published his abridgement of *David Copperfield*, he was able to cut a large chunk just by pruning the epithet *little*. I wonder how many pages of David Mamet's dramatic oeuvre would be left if one omitted the obscenities? What the pause is to his master, Harold Pinter, obscenity is to Mamet; without it, his plays would be the length of revue skits.

So, too, in Mamet's latest screenplay, for ***Hoffa***, where the obscenity extends to the film's total endorsement of James R. Hoffa, head of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Mamet minimalizes and rationalizes Hoffa's involvement with the Mafia and, conversely, turns Robert Kennedy, who fought hard and long to put Jimmy behind bars, into a callow Ivy League snot, whose very Boston accent sets him oligarchically apart from mere working-class stiffs.

As film biographies go, *Hoffa*, directed by and co-starring Danny DeVito, plummets even lower than *Chaplin*. It manages either to muddy or to bypass whatever might be of social, historical, or psychological interest, and concentrates on scenes of verbal or physical violence that, in somewhat milder form, could have come from any movie of this genre. The main innovation is that here we never even get a whiff, however biased, of management's side of the story. As for the scenes of Hoffa's dealings with the Mafia, they might as well be a few of the lesser outtakes from the Coppola trilogy.

We see nothing of Hoffa's family life; even his devoted spouse is a mere intermittently glimpsed stick figure. There are male relationships, more seriously toyed with, and then left unresolved. Such fictional figures as the chief Hoffa henchman, Bobby Ciaro (Danny DeVito), and the Mafia capo Carol d'Allesandro (Armand Assante), remain clichés except for a few cute, arbitrary quirks. A young mother and her son, seen repeatedly during a mob scene and seemingly destined for some significance, promptly drop out of sight altogether.

Mamet's gleeful malevolence surfaces periodically, as in the story invented by Bobby Ciaro about a fellow Teamster organizer (Robert Prosky) who, while committing heroic arson, incurs lethal burns, and dies mumbling strangulated sounds at the priest trying to hear his last confession. In Bobby's version of the story, which elicits the admiration of all hearers, the moribund Mametian's dying words were a beautifully articulated obscenity. Again, Mamet invents a baby-faced young Teamster, seemingly the film's sweetest presence, only to turn him into a cold-blooded assassin. Even the great friendship between the he-men Hoffa and Ciaro never rises to any dramatic or human

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Mr. Simon, NR's *film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

heights; warmth of any kind is not a Mamet trademark.

DeVito contributes his own infelicities. As director, he loves irrelevant and distracting overhead shots; as actor, he makes you giggle when, despite his dwarfish stature, he pulverizes gorilla-sized goons. Kevin Anderson, though, does a neat Bobby Kennedy impersonation, and the good J. T. Walsh does what he can with Frank Fitzsimmons, Hoffa's slippery right-hand man and successor; but wherever facile verbal nastiness won't do the trick, Mamet lets the performer down.

What almost sustains this tedious and overlong movie is the Hoffa of Jack Nicholson. Crudely over- and underdone as was his Colonel Jessep in *A Few Good Men*, so compelling is his Hoffa. There is something saltily down-to-earth about the way this Jimmy, or Jack, batters his Teamsters into submission and prods them into action. We follow a cannily controlled enthusiasm as it slowly turns, not exactly sour, but cynical around the edges and embittered at the core. Ironically, though, the better Nicholson is, the more he helps the filmmakers in turning an interestingly shady character into a shining hero. Mamet, I suspect, doesn't give a hang about Hoffa and the Teamsters; what tickles him is a fellow who can defy the law and outwit its enforcers.

■ If *Hoffa* is fundamentally dishonest, ***Leap of Faith*** is even worse: basically stupid. It begins promisingly enough with the Reverend Jonas Nightengale, a phony evangelist traveling with his entourage in a New Age caravan, outsmarting a state trooper who starts to give him a well-earned speeding-ticket. Jonas uses a combination of state-of-the-art technology and old-style intuition and soft-soap to befriend and disarm the cop. This leads us to further (secular) revelations of how computers, intercoms, and surveillance devices are used to bamboozle a crowd at a tent revival meeting with Jonas's talent for healing.

The Nightengale Crusade bogs down in the small Kansas town of Rustwater, now experiencing a year-old drought. Its staunch sheriff, Will, is not fooled by Jonas, and tries to protect the town from being mulcted. This is where Jane, Jonas's business manager and probable mistress (though

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that aspect of the relationship is curiously glossed over), comes in to vamp Will—one of her jobs is to neutralize such potential threats, though she mainly assists Jonas in the mind games with which he gulls the all too gullible populace.

When not working hard at fleecing the hayseeds with rigged miracles, Jonas relaxes by trying to seduce Marva, the pretty but tough-minded waitress at the local hash house. As she doesn't succumb to direct attack, he charms her crippled younger brother, Boyd, with his secular savvy on top of his preaching and healing skills. While the rubes are being robbed blind with bogus cures and fake tears shed by the enormous polychrome wood Christ, hanging crucified right above Jonas when he is preaching (a bedizened song-and-dance routine that combines the artistic glitter of Mick Jagger and Michael Jackson with the best of both Bakkers and Jimmy Swaggart), two authentic miracles do take place.

The hard-as-nails yet infinitely womanly Jane finds herself sincerely falling for Sheriff Will, whose virile good looks and amorous zeal are enhanced by his breeding flocks of butterflies that settle like a benison on bystanders, and affect the love-starved young woman more deeply than the water turned to wine did the wedding guests at Cana. At the same time, Marva, to remove the scales from her brother's eyes, challenges Jonas to perform a genuine, nonhysterical miracle and make Boyd shed his crutches. She hopes to cure the townsfolk with this failed cure; but God works in mysterious ways, and Jonas, without so much as one butterfly, performs an even greater miracle. Not only is Boyd made whole, but Jonas, crooked to the core, is made holy as well. Thereupon miracles are (note my choice of word) showered upon parched Rustwater and the movie audience. The screenplay proves every bit as dishonest as Nightengale before God chose to speak through him. But perhaps the scriptwriter, Janus Cercone, assumed that her wretched scenario will also be transformed by divine grace into an instrument of faith. Might Janet Maslin's rave review in the *New York Times* constitute proof thereof?

This Janus Cercone, whose first name is pronounced "Janice," went from being a classical violinist at Skidmore College to rock-and-roll band leader and songwriter, thence to director of East Coast publicity for A&M records, doing road publicity for big-name bands. By another leap of faith, she turned popular lyricist and studio back-up singer for the likes of Bette Midler, Peter Allen, and Nazareth. Then she moved to Los Angeles and married the film producer Michael Manheim. He made her take Syd Field's celebrated course in screenwriting and sold her student script, *Knockout*, the moment it was finished, to Weintraub Entertainment, then produced her second, *Leap of Faith*, himself. I don't know exactly when Janice became Janus, a more suitable name for a two-faced woman, but one thing I do know: the true story of Janus Cercone would make far better viewing than *Leap of Faith*.

For the record, Richard Pearce has directed competently, and Steve Martin (Jonas—or is it Janus?) and Debra Winger (Jane—or, again, Janus?) do their best by their scurvy roles. With even less to go on, Lolita Davidovich (Marva), Liam Neeson (Will), and Lukas Haas (Boyd) do nicely, thanks to faces the camera likes to cozy up to. The gospel chorus with which Jonas travels provides a number of black singers and actors with a chance to sound off enthusiastically, and is the film's most attractive feature. But *Leap of Faith* is poor stuff compared to a documentary such as *Marjoe*, which did not Janus-facedly pretend to unmask charlatanism while purveying sanctimonious pieties of its own. I would, however, advise prospective female screenwriters to marry prosperous producers; taking courses with Syd Field is optional.

■ Alternatively, they could marry major advertising magnates, as Josephine Hart, author of the novel ***Damage***, did. Raised near Dublin—probably in the very religious climate that breeds the best soft-core pornographers—our Miss Hart joined Thompson Newspapers in London in sales, thence moving to the directorship of a medical-and-business-magazine publishing firm. She went on to produce "theatrical poetry," whatever that is, and, next, became a regular West End producer; thence, by a comparatively minor leap of faith, an interviewer of famous authors for

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Thames Television. What Miss Cercone accomplished by going to Hollywood, Miss Hart achieved by crossing the Atlantic and marrying Michael Saatchi of the mighty Saatchi and Saatchi. Soon came her first novel, which she rightly recognized as something whose movie version she did not want her two young sons to be embarrassed by. (Evidently they don't read books.)

Damage, the movie, is about a British MP who, though married to a nice woman, falls madly in love at first sight with his son's girlfriend, who later marries the young man the better to continue her thriving affair with Papa. All would be well if Sonny did not find his lady in bed with Daddy, in a pied-à-terre she has rented for that purpose. He backs away in horror against a banister that collapses and sends him hurtling to his death. Daddy runs down the stairs naked after him, and *Damage* becomes the first film in history wherein a father uses his son's corpse as a G-string. Our heroine explains her nuttiness by her beloved younger brother's having killed himself for falling in love with her. She enunciates the renowned maxim, "Damaged people are dangerous; they know they can survive," which is cited by the editrix of the latest *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* in her Preface as one of the book's finest constituents.

Josephine Hart Saatchi, as her sexy jacket photographs show, is herself a survivor. Her second novel, *Sin*, just published by America's most prestigious publisher, Knopf, is even shorter than *Damage* (a novella stretched out by typographical hocus-pocus), just as trashy, and just as fertile movie material. I hope her sons still cannot read. Or go to the movies.

Be it said that Jeremy Irons (Dad) has by now so perfected the art of being a soulfully unraveling wet dishrag that you cannot watch him without your eyes going into a sympathetic frazzle. Juliette Binoche (The Universal Beloved) is a gifted actress who deserves better; Leslie Caron (as her wise mother) wears clothes exquisitely. Rupert Graves (Sonny) wears his belated baby fat somewhat less well; Miranda Richardson (Mum) gives a wonderfully moving performance. Louis Malle, who has frequently done much better, directed from a (David) Hare-brained script. ☐

TRAVEL

A St. Lawrence Interlude

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

TO GET TO Kingston, Ontario, is not the easiest thing in the world. But to Kingston (140 miles from Montreal, 160 from Toronto) you must go if you desire to cruise the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario to Quebec City on the *Canadian Empress*, a relatively new riverboat with a vintage look. Under the period façade, the acres of shining brass railing, and the Victorian lookalike lamps, the *Empress* is a very modern ship designed for the tourist who wishes to combine an informal cruise with a bit of lazy colonial history and—at the time we took it, in mid October—sensational autumn scenery. The *Canadian Empress* is broad of beam (30 feet); it is 108 feet long and draws under 5 feet. It carries 66 passengers and a crew of 14. Quarters are tight, particularly the sleeping quarters, which were designed for Tom Thumb. Squeezing two sets of clothes into the slim hanging closet and the single (1) tiny drawer is like trying to stuff sardines back into their can.

"Mille Iles" was what the French called them a couple of hundred years ago, and they are still known as the Thousand Islands. As the *Canadian Empress* threads its way among them we spot imposing mansions and tiny summer homes, boathouses, bridges, even an occasional tanker or container ship looking strangely miscast in what was once and remains, although less ostentatiously in today's mode, a playground of the wealthy. Over there, in that heavy black and white lighthouse, is where Bill Johnson, the Thousand Islands' only pirate, was imprisoned for his crimes. The house where George Pullman entertained President Grant and General Sher-

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Miss Buckley is an NR *senior editor.*

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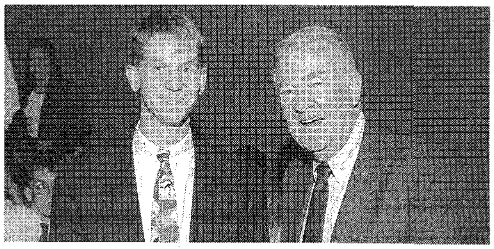

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man is pointed out. We sail past the elegant yacht on which Thousand Island dressing was first served. The legends and tall tales proliferate, matched in richness and inventiveness by foliage in full autumnal regalia.

We draw up at Heart Island to visit Boldt Castle. It's a six-story granite monster of a place, a dream castle erected by George C. Boldt, owner of New York's original Waldorf–Astoria Hotel, for his beloved wife Louise. The portrait of Boldt over a mantelpiece shows a man of substance, bearded, with pince-nez glasses, Prince Albert jacket, and high stiff collar. But beneath that Victorian starched shirt beat a romantic boy's heart. And the day his beloved wife died, George Boldt called off the three hundred workmen and left Boldt Castle as it was, three quarters completed, to crumble away over the years. Emily Brontë would have understood.

Boldt Castle, like just about everything else along the river, is closed for the season, but the caretakers have been persuaded to open it up for us, and have gone the extra mile and built a roaring fire in the huge chimney in an entrance hall whose decorated ceiling is four stories high. We are free to wander from the ruins of the never completed basement swimming pool to the turrets.

East of Prescott there were, before they were tamed, miles and miles of rapids that made the St. Lawrence almost unnavigable. In the old days much of the heavy cargo reaching the rapids en route west to the Great Lakes from Montreal and Quebec was transshipped here onto shallow *bateaux*, and at Prescott reloaded onto small river steamers. But the St. Lawrence Seaway (opened in 1956) changed all that, and today it is clear sailing all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the American heartland.

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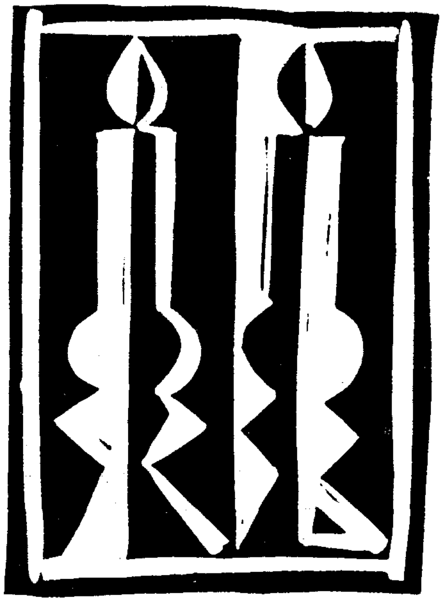
A great lake was created, Lake St. Lawrence, and hydroelectric plants and a series of locks—some on American, some on Canadian soil—built in an extraordinary engineering feat. Seven villages were sacrificed to the lake, but the villagers were given the option of having their homes moved to two new locations nearby on land the Canadian government owned. The Seaway also elected to save some of the abandoned homes and shops from the engulfing waters of Lake St. Lawrence and move them to what is now called Upper Canada Village, a recreated rural town.



Two horse-drawn carry-alls pick us up at the Crystal Marina where we spent the night to take us to Upper Canada Village—which closed yesterday. The weather is blustery—cold breezes, grey clouds, the threat of showers. Two guides walk us through a village where today blacksmiths are not smithing, bakers not baking, spinners not spinning, cheese not fermenting, mills not grinding, cobblers not cobbling—although yesterday they still were. The mortification of our genial young guide is complete when the slide show which is the center of his presentation and will show us all these activities and much more, he promises, balks—and slideth not.

On to the locks, the first of which is a colossal disappointment; it lowers the *Canadian Empress* six full inches. But then we come to Eisenhower and Snell Locks, the two locks on U.S. soil, and in each the *Empress* sinks forty feet or more, the wet grey walls of the lock enveloping us and casting the cabins into Stygian gloom. But not for long. In 10 or 12 minutes the downstream gates open up and we sail away, arriving at Montreal five locks later, on our third day out, in time to tour the city by bus, stopping to view the exquisite Notre Dame Church with its lapis and gold ceiling and altar, and to take a cool, wet walk in the Place Jacques Cartier and the market district of old Montreal.

It's another two days to Quebec with stops at Trois Rivières, with its nineteenth-century homes and businesses, and Cap de la Madeleine, with its shrine to Our Lady of the Cap. A first-rate French Canadian guide tells us the story of the Lady's chapel and how it was saved by a miraculous bridge of ice over which the stone for the new basilica was carried late one winter, making unnecessary the destruction of the old chapel whose stones were to have been used to build the new church. Legend has it that the statue of the Virgin, which we are visiting, miraculously opened its eyes on that occasion. Pilgrims are praying in the little chapel as we enter, and our guide asks them, in French, to join him in a prayer for the visitors, for us. "Sainte Marie," he starts the Hail Mary, and they join in the response. It is momentarily startling, but so natural and unaffected that the prayer is accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.

We sail on, past hamlets, each with its church spire, and orchards and shade trees, leaves and branches snapping to attention as the wind gusts through, heralding the icy days ahead. We pass ugly industrial sites: cement yards, grain elevators, power stations, and the like, a reminder that today's St. Lawrence is one of the world's major industrial thoroughfares, and on until, at journey's end, Quebec, we look upon the Plains of Abraham—where Montcalm lost the battle to keep Canada French, and died, and Wolfe, in winning Canada for England, also died—and look up over the roofs and winding streets of the old port of Quebec to its crown, the wonderful, preposterous, Chateau Frontenac. ☐

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Purloined Clinic: Selected Writings, by Janet Malcolm (Knopf, 382 pp., $23)

PSYCHOANALYSIS, art, and Czechoslovakia, the author's birthplace, provide the settings for this collection of lucid, elegant essays. One theme is psychotherapy as story-telling. Freud's famous case histories read like novellas, but the master himself warned against substituting narrative closure for therapeutic benefit. Janet Malcolm's distinctions between unwarranted story-making and the leaps of imagination that psychotherapy requires may not exhaust the subject, but are nonetheless a wonder of subtlety. The therapeutic encounter isn't the only place where people go astray in the hunt for meaning. The title essay, "The Purloined Clinic," is about Thomas Eakins's *The Gross Clinic*, his gory masterpiece of surgery on a man's thigh being performed in front of a classroom full of medical students, and about an art critic's attempt to make sense of Eakins's having inserted himself into the scene, off in an obscure part of the audience, hunched over pad and pencil. The painting is more fundamentally about painting than about surgery. Why is the clinic "purloined"? Poe's purloined letter was concealed in full view on the culprit's desk. So in art, therapy, and ordinary life, meaning is often hidden on the surfaces. For any lover of the essayist's art, this book is a treat. —RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN

Frank Lloyd Wright: A Biography, by Meryle Secrest (Knopf, 634 pp., $30)

CONTRARY TO popular belief, Howard Roark wasn't really Frank Lloyd Wright, even though Ayn Rand idolized Wright and once tried to get him to build her a house. In fact, America's greatest architect had more in common with a very different artist: Richard Wagner. Like Wagner, Wright was an arrogant womanizer who thought the world owed him a living. Both men freely disregarded the practical in their attempts to touch the infinite. (One client called to complain that the flat roof of his Wright-designed house was leaking onto his desk. "Richard," Wright replied, "why don't you move your desk?") Both were geniuses, also. Meryle Secrest leaves no doubt of that in her immensely readable new biography. It would have taken a James or a Balzac to create a fictional egotist as monstrous as Wright, who habitually talked like this: "All the sheer wisdom of science, the cunning of politics, and the prayers of religion can but stand and wait for the revelation; awaiting the artist's conventionalization of life principle that shall make our social living beautiful, organically true." More than most biographies, this one reminds the reader that geniuses are as a rule best appreciated at a distance. —TERRY TEACHOUT

It Takes One to Tango, by Ambassador Edward L. Rowny (Brassey's, 264 pp., $23)

GENERAL Rowny served for nearly twenty years on the arms-control staffs of five Presidents—and is probably best remembered for his high-profile resignation from Carter's arms-control team to protest the grotesque inequities of SALT II. His successful lobbying campaign to kill that treaty was arguably his great contribution to world peace. However, Rowny never gave up on arms control, with the important caveats that it be solidly verifiable and

(Continues on page 69)

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DEFINITIONS

A. Twin's form of communication? 139 12 121 96 194 110 91 26 176 65

B. Stresses 156 75 59 178 2 145 151 193 129 29 16

C. Fads—to serious writers 37 130 4 153 25 182 49 192 71

D. Amerind wear 55 140 150 79 180 109 42 20

E. Sir Neville Marriner's charge 104 131 168 92 173 45 196 57 143

F. Disinclination to normal action 97 175 8 167 35 107 86 61

G. Twisting of the facts 157 30 128 115 83 184 166 7 63 105

H. Babar, et al. 90 162 70 179 119 60 13 112 137

I. Official forgiveness 136 17 66 189 28 80 48 126 3 164

J. Sky 76 148 15 172 185 51 111

K. Else 36 152 113 93 69 160 24 127 56

L. High noon at the office 6 95 31 47 147 118 195 190 19

M. Baltic state 117 77 146 100 84 54 141 11 23

N. Island in San Francisco Bay (2 words) 197 46 154 27 1 62 183 18 88 116

O. Decorative vine 72 58 134 41 158 181 98 9

P. Keep an eye on 50 135 78 155 174 22 101

Q. Yellowish ore, of interest to painters 165 40 73 159 138

R. Personal tome 177 82 114 188 132

S. Walk like a drunkard 108 163 43 85 125

T. Big name in Japanese royalty 123 133 191 68 14 161 32 52

U. Bids 120 187 38 171 81 99

V. Small battle 142 87 102 169 53 74 122 33 10

W. Palms off 106 64 39 170 124 186

X. One kind of speech 21 144 103 34 94 67 149 44 89 5

DIRECTIONS

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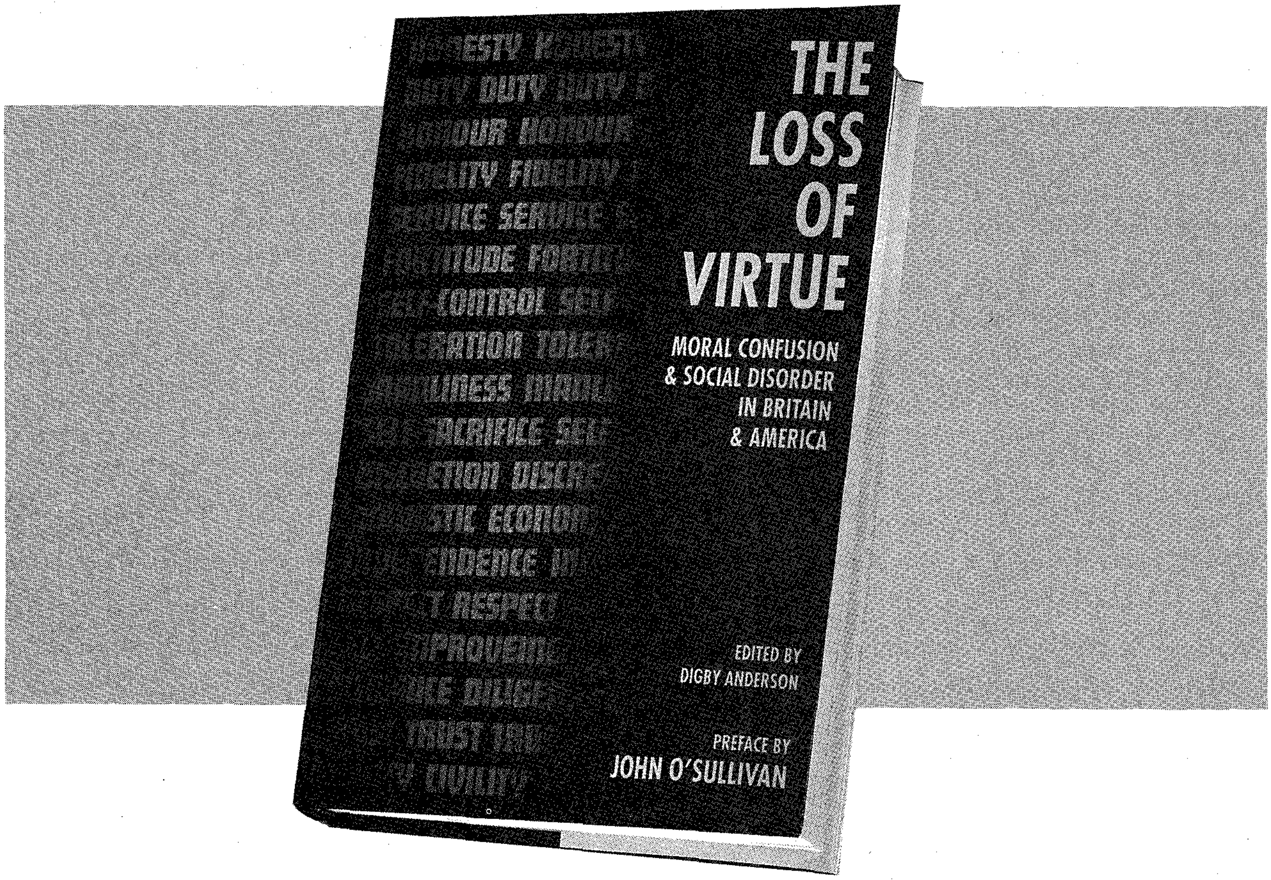
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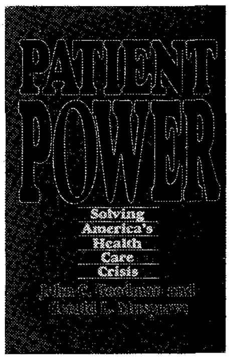

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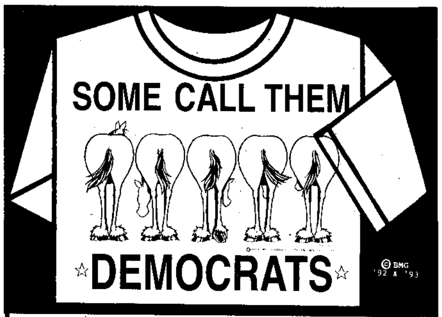

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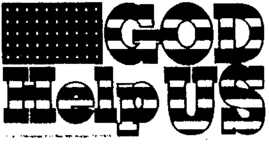

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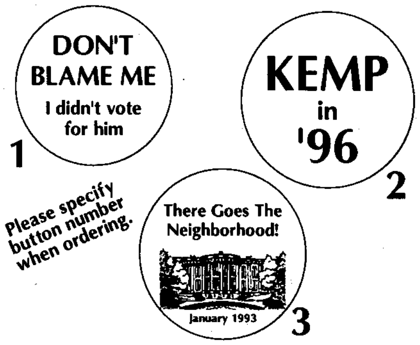
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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 65)

that it not sacrifice American security—two conditions that had to wait until they were almost irrelevant to be achieved. The paradoxes don't stop there: Rowny, the combat engineer and career military man, seemed an odd candidate for senior U.S. arms negotiator at Geneva (his position in Reagan's first term). Yet, he was the only senior official on the negotiation team for much of his tenure who spoke Russian or (apparently) understood the Soviet character. Rowny's book occupies another ambiguous position—too much of a memoir to be a solid textbook, and too much of a textbook to be an effective memoir. Nevertheless, the observations of one of the few dedicated arms controllers to resist the siren song of the "arms control process" are worth studying, particularly if your name is Bill Clinton.

—KENNETH HITE

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Words to Sustain Us

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1

It is said of Mr. Clinton's Cabinet and closest advisors that they are eclectic, that there are representatives there of several sub-denominations of the Democratic faith. And it is true that Mr. Clinton's mobilization brings together men and women who have hoisted separate flags. All the more pointed his statement during one of the presidential debates that he alone would decide the economic path for the country, which statement elicited from Mr. Bush his most spirited riposte of the season, "That's what worries me."

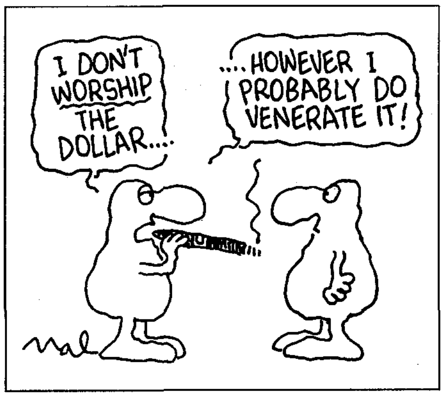
American conservatives, it is widely reported, are in anarchic confusion, left without a mission ever since the fall of Communism and of dogmatic socialism. This is in part true, but not in the least surprising, for the reason that the enemies of conservatism are a) immortal, and b) hydra-headed. Under Marxism–Leninism, collectivist-liberalism reached its most refined form: a movement at once aggressive, atheistic, inhumane, and philistine. But when the Berlin Wall went down, that did not bring the end of these impulses. They are aspects of the human condition, and although the afflictions are individual, they gain great force when they combine in the engine of the state.

About the Clinton phenomenon one can certainly say this much, that its focus is statist, its appetite for power very large, and its concern for equal treatment under the law selective. Moreover, some of its concerns are fanatically pressed, and these—for instance Mr. Gore on the environment—raise questions of balance.

About this last mania one is struck by the words of Malcolm Ross, a scientist with the United States Geological Survey: "We live in a nation with a short but dramatic history of high technical achievement on its way to becoming the most frightened nation on earth—of radon in basements, Alar on apples, greenhouse gases, ozone holes, nuclear energy, ad nauseam. If we were to fund all of the so-called high-priority environmental projects proposed in the last few years so as to save us from these and other perceived terrors, the costs would certainly be greater than the nation's gross national product."

How shall we achieve the environmental nirvana heralded by Al Gore in his book? By regulation. We should be headed in the contrary direction, toward deregulation, which is more merely than an administrative convenience; it is the agent of the wisdom of the marketplace. One recalls a sentence from the reigning poet of the marketplace, George Gilder: "Rather than pushing decisions up through the hierarchy, the power of microelectronics pulls them remorselessly down to the individual. One free mind plus a workstation can outperform any array of regimented minds." Isn't this a fighting faith?

During the campaign I noted that none of the candidates was willing to suggest that what to do to help children whose mothers go to work during the day should be a concern other than of the Federal Government. Alice Rivlin, the new deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget, recommends certain measures of devolution in her book, *Reviving the American Dream*, but her emphasis is not central to the new Democratic Administration. In Edinburgh last month, facing the possible dissolution of the Maastricht Treaty, the statesmen gathered to rediscover the doctrine of subsidiarity, to appease those French and Danes and Brits who shuddered at the implications of centralized control by Brussels over wages, prices, welfare, and what it is actually that can be sold as "cheese." Subsidiarity decrees that an enterprise that can be undertaken by the private sector should not be usurped by the public sector, and that no higher echelon of government should undertake what a lower echelon is capable of handling. It would be reassuring (even as it is unexpected) if Mr. Clinton discovered that part of Mrs. Rivlin that is most endearing.


I DON'T WORSHIP THE DOLLAR...
....HOWEVER I PROBABLY DO VENERATE IT!
Mal

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Early last year the spirits of American conservatism were exhilarated by the eloquent epiphany of a longstanding socialist, Robert Heilbroner. He wrote, "Capitalism has been as unmistakable a success as socialism has been a failure. Here is the part that's hard to swallow. It has been the Friedmans, Hayeks, von Miseses who have maintained that capitalism would flourish and that socialism would develop incurable ailments. All three have regarded capitalism as the 'natural' system of free men; all have maintained that left to its own devices capitalism would achieve material growth more successfully than any other system. From [my samplings] I draw the following discomforting generalization: The farther to the right one looks, the more prescient has been the historical foresight; the farther to the left, the less so." By these lights, President Clinton should be guided. ☐

Unscramble Time

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28

Public interest concerning the people pardoned by George Bush has lately focused less on whether laws were broken, than on whether the projected penalties for breaking those laws were reasonable. Mr. Bush judged that they were not.

It is the nature of the law broken that arouses special interest. In the book by Elliott Abrams, *Undue Process*, he tells his story. The Walsh Team threatened Abrams with prosecution because of his failure to reveal to a congressional investigating committee the effort by the White House to get from the Sultan of Brunei a few million dollars of humanitarian aid for the Contras. So there was Abrams in the hot seat, asked if any foreign money had, repeat had, been sent to Nicaragua. He replied in the negative, which reply was accurate: because although the Sultan had said he'd give the money, he had not yet done so. Abrams tortured himself over the alternatives: He might have insisted on a trial, and he might conceivably have won acquittal. But if he lost, he would go to jail, and in any event, he would spend most of his working life accumulating money to pay past bills for lawyers.

Caspar Weinberger told a committee that he hadn't made notes at a meeting, but the investigators found that indeed he had made notes—so he was mistaken. And in the notes so gleefully seized upon by Walsh there was mention that "the VP" went along with the President. Mr. Weinberger explained that somewhere along the line, after consulting counsel, Mr. Reagan had concluded that as President his authority to negotiate for the release of our hostages overrode prohibitions against trading with Iran. This, classically, is a moot point. You can argue yes, you can argue no. If the prosecution so taken with strict construction of the law had gone after Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the same spirit, he'd have been impeached ten times before Pearl Harbor, Abraham Lincoln would have gone down with his suspension of habeas corpus, and Thomas Jefferson with the Louisiana Purchase.

Most Americans are glad that Lawrence Walsh is behind us, and not a few of them are indignant at the palpable politicization of the Weinberger case, a sleepy indictment being released a few days before the election. But non-volatile students of the episode do need to wonder about the question of accountability. It is one thing to vest authority in the Chief Executive to conduct foreign policy, another to assume that that mandate excludes the Congress from imposing certain limitations. The War Powers Act, for instance, has never been tested by the courts. Mr. Reagan proceeded as though it did not exist, and so did Mr. Bush. Nor have we set up a satisfactory design for special investigations. We have learned from the Walsh mess that the odds are too heavily weighted against the public servant. Such pressures as Elliott Abrams faced are unconscionable. A first step toward reform would be to assign the cost of defense of any activity done under orders to the government. A second reform would reasonably impose on the President the obligation to report to selected congressional leaders when, in his judgment, laws need to be circumvented in order to discharge the primary obligations of the President. Those congressional leaders would then need to decide whether their own duty to the Constitution required them to seek an impeachment.

There is vague talk of calling President Bush to the stand, and even Ronald Reagan. It is not likely to happen. It is not lost on the American people that those who cooperated with the Reagan–Bush White House had nothing personally to gain from doing what they thought was their duty. Among the thousands who fled to Canada to avoid the draft, many did so exclusively to guard against exposure to Vietcong bullets. In pardoning them all, Jimmy Carter did not pause to make the distinctions. ☐

Dilapidated Federalism

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16

The uproar over Colorado's plebiscite focuses attention on the role of the community, or the state. The passion to centripetalize spending and responsibility in Washington has frozen the little capillaries of political action on which the whole principle of federalism is based. Ross Perot's evocation of the town-hall meetings was half healthy, half insidious. Healthy in that Mr. Perot reminded us that republican government begins at the community level; insidious in that he went on to recommend the equivalent of plebiscitary government in Washington. I.e., a mainframe computer telling Congress what the majority vote was in each of the town-hall meetings.

Everybody who makes noise at the Barbra Streisand/Joan Rivers level is mad at Colorado these days because the state decided, by a large majority, to disallow special privileges for gays & lesbians. The editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, in an op-ed page piece for the *Wall Street Journal*, acknowledged that some voters were motivated by a disgust with gay practices. But the majority, he documented from an examination of his mail, simply wanted to stop the seemingly endless list of people who are situated to put in for affirmative action. If a small businessman in Colorado fires somebody nowadays, in this Age of Victimology, he has to be ready to document that he didn't fire that person because he/she was a black, a Hispanic, an Asian, a woman, a senior citizen, a Jew, a Catholic, an invalid, and this list may be incomplete. The majority of the voters in Colorado didn't want to add another category to that list. Agree with it or not, one respects evidence of state initiative.

Conservatives have a problem, which is that they simultaneously tend to criticize federal spending, and also state spending. It is often true that both Washington and, say, Albany, are spending too much money. But it is also true that blanket prohibitions on extra state spending, as in Proposition 13 in California or Proposition 2½ in Massachusetts, can leave the state without the mobility to do that which keeps Washington out of the way. One of the reasons Washington gets so frequently into the act is that the state hasn't got in there in time to defuse an explosive situation. That plus, of course, the organic appetite of the central government to accumulate more and more power; for instance, to impose a national speed limit.

The glamor of politics tends to be national, and this disinclines Citizen Jones from asserting himself locally.

I give the most humdrum example I can think of. I live in Connecticut and there, a few years ago, the legislature decided to permit an automobile to make a right turn on a red light, provided the car first stopped, to give the driver time to see to it that no collision would ensue. Within weeks I became convinced that the lobby to authorize right turns had been the creature of the people who manufacture signs that read, NO RIGHT TURN ON RED. Because having authorized a right turn on red, the state proceeded to prohibit right turns on red in what seems like 80 per cent of all crossroads. Now one mile from where I live there is a NO RIGHT TURN ON RED sign at a junction at which no conceivable menace could possibly materialize from the motorist's left. Every time I go by there I think: I must write the local authorities and call their attention to this anomaly. I haven't got around to it; and this is a sign of the civic indolence that federal activity, absorbing political energies that should be local in focus, has generated.

Abortion is the crowning example of the breakdown of federalism. Friends of abortion find themselves taking simultaneously the following positions: 1) Abortion was a constitutional sleeper, a right that somehow failed to get discovered until by chance, in 1973 in *Roe* v. *Wade*. 2) Under no circumstances should *Roe* v. *Wade* be reversed. 3) If *Roe* v. *Wade* were reversed, that would mean that the authority to permit abortions would rest with the individual states, and the last thing we wish to do is run that risk; accordingly, we should 4) pass a federal law (FOCA—the Freedom of Choice Act) which will be sitting there, authorizing abortions everywhere, in case the Supreme Court discovered that *Roe* v. *Wade* was falsely reasoned.

The revival of federalism requires us to think in terms of the right of people in Colorado to pass judgment on this question or that, ditto California and Massachusetts—and Connecticut. The revival of the federalist spirit is not on the Clinton agenda, alas. ☐

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

Girltalk

RECEIVED

IT'S NO LONGER fashionable to admit it—it's no longer fashionable to admit anything—but I loved "girltalk." I use the past tense because girltalk is dead.

It died around 1970 when feminists, convinced that women never talked about anything important, established "consciousness-raising" groups based on techniques used in Communist Chinese political re-education camps. Early Women's Lib CR was the granddaddy, so to speak, of the support-group/task-force/problem-solving craze currently filling the land with endless dreary talk, so the wonky din you hear is essentially a product of feminism.

Women no longer need girltalk to gossip privately about men-the-beasts and "the female complaint." Now that the secrets of the bedchamber and the distaff sickroom are aired on TV, we have lost one of the most richly satisfying sentences ever to fall from female lips. I first heard it in 1939 while watching Garbo as Camille, when my grandmother leaned across me and whispered to my mother: "The doctor ought to tell him not to *bother* her."

Girltalk was said to be rambling and repetitive, but it paled beside the speech code concocted by our new HHS Secretary, Donna Shalala, when she was chancellor of the University of Wisconsin. Sounding like a Roget rolling brakeless downhill, she barred insensitive speech about "race, color, national origin, ancestry, religion, creed, sex, sexual orientation, disability, and age." She forgot personal appearance, but then she's such a humanitarian that she never thinks of herself. (Oh, Lord, stop me from being catty, but not yet.)

A woman worried about her teenage daughter said to me, "I know she's sexually active." It sounded cold and detached. The girltalk phrase, "I just know she's having things to do with him," expressed real concern: euphemisms have passion. They also develop the imagination. As a child overhearing gossip of a couple "running around together," I visualized them tearing down the street hand in hand, like François Villon and Catherine de Vaucelles fleeing the Burgundians.

Girltalk had ingratiating rhythms. Inserting that theatrical "*just*" in front of verbs gave female voices a pleasing springiness. The susurrant tones of female speech have flattened out; women now talk in the "caucus voice," metallic, grinding, scourging, the voice that filled the French Foreign Legion.

Feminism creates boring women the way democracy creates bad-tempered artists. Under the patronage of an absolute monarch who could do no wrong, artists were emotionally as well as financially secure, free to be openly elitist instead of covertly elitist in the democratic manner. The system produced charming courtiers like Jean Racine, instead of surly snobs like NEA chief John Frohnmayer.

Many otherwise charming women lapse into feminist Newspeak whenever someone hits the right button. I got a fan letter from an obviously intelligent, well-bred woman who lives in a town I was thinking of moving to, so I asked her to tell me about it. Her letter describing housing and shopping was thorough and helpful, as well as witty and colorful, but suddenly Newspeak squirted out of her like ink from a squid: "I would not stand living here in the provincial, white-male dominant society if it were not for the liberating and liberal influence of the colleges and for the respect I have for what my husband does within this particular setting."

I no longer enjoy talking to women because I know that sooner or later they're going to say, "The operative word is 'choose.'" Some other verbal dental drills are "career move," "glass ceiling," "institute" as a verb, "perception" meaning any non-feminist point of view, and "passive-aggressive." That last is Newspeak for "Patient Griselda, always spinning," a literary allusion now lost in the mudslide of multicultural ignorance. Today's Patient Griseldas are always wonking, especially if they went to law school, where normal, intelligent women without speech defects are turned into rolling balls of tangled wool.

I especially avoid married career women because they want to talk about how boring their husbands are. Flaubert could describe Emma Bovary's boredom without becoming boring himself, but feminist matrons induce the sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of dress-for-success suits.

Above all, I avoid lesbians. It's impossible to enjoy a martini when someone keeps saying, "I'm tired of being invisible."

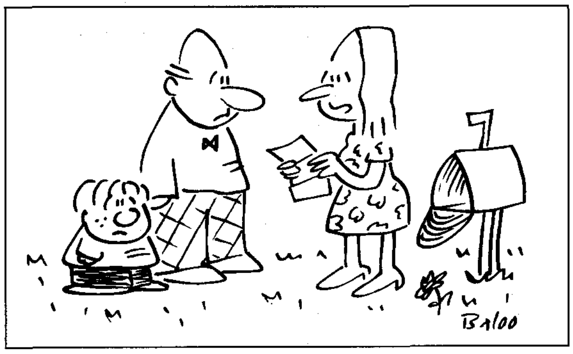
THE SORRY STATE of female conversation is but one aspect of a larger problem. To explain, let me tell you a story I heard in one of my most interesting girltalks.

Once upon a time, a woman was so hounded and pestered by a man that she nearly went mad. Shrewdly recognizing him as the kind of persistent suitor who, once he gets a woman, loses all interest, she realized that there was only one way out of her problem. "I married him," she explained, "to get rid of him."

Now, a perpetually hoarse new President has taken office in tandem with his lawyer-wife. As The Billary wonk and crunch their way through what remains of the English language, we just might get so glazed and numb that we will let them do anything they want if only they will shut up.

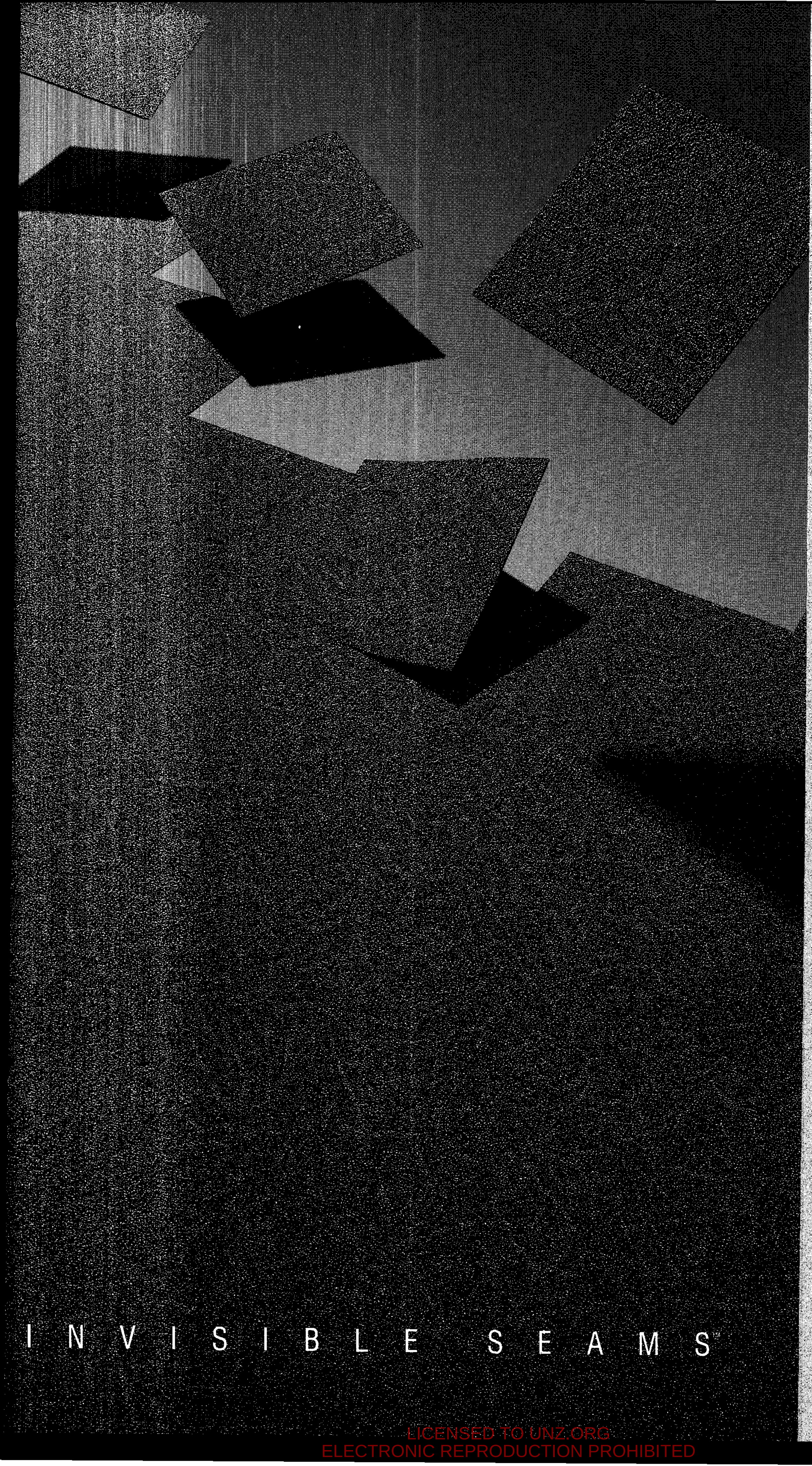
In other words, we will marry them to get rid of them.

—FLORENCE KING



"It's a subpoena from the PTA."

Miss King's latest book is With Charity Toward None *(St. Martin's Press).*



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